

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

ESTABLISHED IN 1869.

"Let us see to it, that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not Perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN.

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BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

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The Meek Ring.

The affairs of the Commissioners are so rotten clear through that it is impossible to speak of even a tithe of the irregularities of that office in a newspaper article.

In Lyscoming county the people are becoming aroused for even less cause than we have here in Centre county, and have called a mass meeting of citizens to appoint a committee to investigate the affairs of the Commissioners' office. Would it not be a good plan to do the same thing here? The Meek ring have full control of every office about the Court House, except the Prothonotary's, and they are farming it at a rate that will tell woefully upon the pockets of the taxpayers. For the last six years the bonded debt of the county has doubled, and now the Commissioners will tell you if they owe you, "There are no funds." (See Auditors' report.) The county indebtedness in January, 1871, was bonded, \$10,000, notes, \$16,000; January, 1872, it was \$25,000; January, 1873, \$28,426 43; January, 1874, \$43,739 48; January, 1875, \$38,241 99, and in January, 1876, it reached \$47,414 42. Thus it will be seen that the debt has steadily increased for the last six years, and now they are—under the pretext of economy—trying as far as the law will allow them to hide these facts from the people by publishing their doctored accounts in only one paper, and that one an especial and bribed organ, and a paper which has no circulation to speak of in one-half of this county. Is it not time to investigate when attempts are made to silence the truth by threats of personal violence to us, for commenting on these irregularities—when they threaten us with prosecution for libel?

Fred. Kurtz says we need Clymer here to investigate. We have no faith in Clymer to investigate the rascality of Democrats. We should have more faith in a committee of the honest citizens of Centre county without respect to party, so that they were not members of the ring. The Commissioners, in a communication in their organ two weeks ago, in a braggadocio kind of a way, threw open the doors of their office, and bade us walk in and investigate. We propose to do that very thing. We think we have already made some startling exposures to the people. We think, also, there is enough back of all this to make the people of this county stand aghast at the corruption and audacity of the ring element in Bellefonte. As we said before there is not room in one article to tell all of their irregularities. We shall, in future issues, give other facts and figures for the consideration of men of all parties.

Our correspondent from Snow Shoe whose letter may be found in another column, lets the light shine on the doings of the Treasurer's office, showing how corruption has crept into every department of our county government, except, as we have said before, the Prothonotary's office. It is time the people take hold of this matter. They are the sufferers, and they should seek redress.

The Boom Bill.

Owing to the absence of snow during the winter, and the difficulty of skidding logs without it, the lumbermen of Williamsport have changed their base of operations to Harrisburg, where it has come to pass that the most gigantic schemes of log rolling have been carried on for the past fortnight that has come before the public for some time.

The parties are Peter Herdic, Esq., the owner or controller of the Williamsport Boom Company, on the one side, and the leading members of the Lumbermen's Exchange of that city, on the other. It appears that Mr. Herdic is allowed by his charter \$1.25 per M board measure boomage for all the logs he catches and rafts out,

which at this time is an exorbitant price, and efforts are being made to have the boomage reduced to 90 cents per M. feet board measure.

It is alleged that the Exchange first offered money for votes, and Pete, finding this out, offered money also—\$400 to vote on his side, or \$200 to dodge. Some of the secrets leaked out, and the face of an investigation is on hand. Dr. T. J. Boyer, of Clearfield, who is Senator from this district, was one of the first to come to the surface as being among the roosters who, when interrogated, tried to laugh it off as a joke, but the Doctor is too well known about the "hill" to get off in that way, he being judged by the company he keeps. We copy the following communication from McClure's Times, which throws some light on the matter. We regard McClure as good authority on log rolling at the capital, he having been there himself. Our readers can judge why the House is holding on for extra pay.

HARRISBURG, April 9.—There has been peace in the capital to-day, as most of the boom belligerents have scattered abroad over the State. There are unusual numbers of members staying over Sunday in the city, and the boom investigation is the general topic of discussion. The House committee sat yesterday, with Speaker Patterson in attendance as master of ceremonies, and Mr. Blanchard, of Bellefonte, Theodore Hill, John White, John B. Beck and others, of Williamsport, were examined, but without eliciting any important facts criminating any particular members of the Legislature. Subpoenas are out for Mr. Herdic, the boss man of the boom, and for Colonel Embich, the boss man of the Lumberman's Association, but as yet they have not been served. Both reside in Williamsport, and the churches of that city were closely watched to-day, but dispatches received here to-night say that neither of them worshiped at their accustomed altars. It is reported that Herdic and Embich have been hurried to the forests by the late freshets to look after lumber, and that they are tenting together in the mountains, but I cannot vouch for the statement. It is understood that a subpoena has been sent to your city for the editor of THE TIMES, who is wanted to explain more definitely the meaning of the intimations given in the Harrisburg dispatches to his paper, and Speaker Patterson is reported as desiring to toast the editor on cross-examination and square accounts with his paper generally.

The Senate committee will not meet till Tuesday, when several important witnesses will be present, and it is alleged that positive evidence will be presented of the specific purchase of votes for the passage of the boom bill—a check for \$7,500 having been given and certified for fifteen votes by an officer of the Lumberman's Association. If so, the Senate will specifically instruct the Governor not to sign the bill and forbid the clerk to certify it. That there was a double-headed lobby to pass and to defeat the bill is no longer a matter of doubt, although the positive evidence may not be elicited, but there is not a member of either House who is not entirely free from doubt as to the fact. Each side is naturally anxious to have the others exposed, and it is a game of strategy as to which will be most victorious. The friends of the boom bill would gladly let the bill be sunk to the bottom of the sea to escape from an exposure of the means by which its passage was secured, and the friends of the boom corporation would willingly make a fair compromise and call quits all around. The vindictive man of the fight is Speaker Patterson, who in his zeal for the bill, declared it passed when it was not passed, and who allowed members to vote and to change their votes in violation of all parliamentary rules in the interest of the boom lobby. He then appointed a committee of investigation entirely from those who voted for the bill whose passage was charged to corruption, and he regularly attends and evinces the greatest interest in the meetings of the committee, some-

times even questioning witnesses himself.

It is probable that a motion will be made in the House to-morrow night to recall the bill from the Senate, and thus enable the House to escape the terrible record of the Senate refusing to certify the bill to the Governor on the ground that it was passed in the House corruptly. The motion will be made by men who voted for the bill and whose integrity is not questioned. The leading Democrats of the House feel that they cannot allow a lasting record of the infamy of the House to be made by the Senate, and if the bill ever gets back to the House it will be strangled there with the consent of its friends, for they now regard its approval by the Governor, even if it should get to him from the Senate, as hopeless in the face of the corruption that attended its passage. A lively week is expected.

For five years the New York Tribune has done everything in its power to secure the defeat of the Republican party by aiding to place the Democracy in power; but the course pursued by that party, of late, has been so vacillating, so inconsistent, that even the Tribune no longer thinks it fit to grapple with the issues of the hour. Speaking of the Democratic State Convention at Lancaster the Tribune is compelled to admit that the platform is merely a gilded bait to catch gudeons. It says: "What shall we think of the sincerity of a party that shifts its principles every year? What claims to the confidence of men of honest convictions can it have when upon the leading issue before the American people it makes an absolute change of front twice in twenty-one months? In June, 1874, the Pennsylvania Democrats declared for hard money and speedy resumption; in August, 1875, they insisted on unlimited greenbacks and no resumption; in March, 1876, they turn around again and profess anew their cast off faith of 1874. We rejoice at this last conversion, but what assurance have we that it is genuine and that they will not return to their wallow in the soft money mire? The people of Pennsylvania will answer at the polls next November that it has no claims."

It will be seen that the Tribune admits that the Democrats of this State have now taken just the stand that pleases them; but on account of the vacillating policy they have no faith in them. The Tribune is right. What confidence can either hard or soft money men have in such a party? Their only effort seems to be to grasp some idea that will carry them into power. It is not principles they are contending for, but place. The people see this, and will repudiate them in the coming election.

SAD ACCIDENT.—John Woerner, who lives in Pleasant Valley, Boggs township, had been out hunting pheasants, when a rain storm coming up he returned home. When he entered the house he commenced to wipe the water off the barrel of his gun. In passing his hand up and down the barrel he struck the trigger, when the gun discharged its contents into the leg of his brother, who was standing near by. Dr. Grove, of Milesburg, Hensel, of Howard, and Potter, of Bellefonte, were called to attend to the case. Several attempts were made to extract the ball, but without success, the boy, meanwhile, suffering fearfully. For a time it was thought that he would die; at last it was decided by the doctors that amputation was necessary, which operation was performed. The boy is seventeen years old, and we are glad to learn he is now doing well. The brother, who is the innocent cause of this sad accident, is suffering almost as much as the one who is wounded, although we do not learn that any blame is attached to him. We sympathize with the unfortunate lad, and his grief-stricken brother, in their misfortune, and we hope they will pardon us if we add that this should be a lesson to all handling fire arms, that they cannot use too much care. Such things, whether loaded or unloaded, should never be pointed in the direction where any one would get hit if they were discharged.

—A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince, died at his residence in New York, on April 10th. He left property to the amount of \$50,000,000.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

Crowner's Quest Law-Rail Road Riot-Shooting Under Broadway-Brazil to the Front-Jay Gould on Gambling-An Eclipsed Eclipse-Amusements.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)
NEW YORK, April 10, 1876.
EDITOR OF REPUBLICAN:

A recent most revolting outrage, perpetrated under cover of the Revised Statutes, has raised a storm about the maladministration of "Crownor's quest law," as it is called. A respectable woman losing her way in a stormy night, walked off the dock into the East river and was drowned. Her body was discovered next morning, but in accordance with the traditions of this absurd law, no one was allowed to take it from the water till the coroner gave permission. Even the woman's husband, frantic with grief and indignation, was forbidden by the police to touch it, and for twenty-four hours was obliged to pace the dock near which the body of his wife floated in the full gaze of the gaping crowd, until at last one of the four lazy and heartless officials who hold inquests upon New York's unfortunate dead at \$17,000 per year apiece, made his appearance, and the shameful spectacle came to an end. It is seldom that the big and busy city gets so roused over anything not affecting its general interests, and as the investigation which has been set on foot, reveals unlimited brutality and abuse, it will go hard but some of the official heads tumble into the basket. A change in the law covering such cases is also strenuously advocated.

And yet again, does the Elevated Railroad trouble intrude itself upon our attention; not the new one proposed for the East side this time, but the one already established on the West side. In preparing to get down a new switch on Greenwich street, the company's men have broken through into the coal vaults of a hotel, which mishap acted as the straw which broke the camel's back. The hotel men, backed by other property-owners, turned out a force sufficient to clear out the railroad party and the few policemen who interfered. Brickbats flew and crowns were cracked, until the arrival of more police evicted what might soon have become a serious riot. The property-owners have got out an injunction against further work. They would evidently like to see this enterprise share the fate of the pneumatic railway, the tunnel for which was dug under Broadway years ago, and when the scheme was abandoned on account of opposition and lack of means, was closed up till it was almost forgotten by New Yorkers themselves. Some months ago, however, some born Yankee got possession of the hole, and made there of a rifle range, which is now largely patronized to his great gain. The tunnel is a circular iron tube cased in brick, some eight feet in diameter, and running under Broadway from the new City Hall down to the post office. Standing at the shooters' place and looking away off through the thin blue smoke to where, hundreds of feet distant, the white target glimmers in the light of strong reflectors it is not easy to realize that we are in the heart of a great city. Only the distant thunder of the rumbling vehicles overhead bears witness to the locality.

As may be supposed, the detention of the gun in this confined space is almost overpowering. It is like being shut up in a big hoghead with a gigantic fire-cracker, and to a nervous person would be sufficient to deter him from this amusement. The thought that men and women were to have been shot up and down this tube from one end of town to the other, like peas from a pop-gun, goes far toward reconciling the beholder to the failure of the enterprise. It is true that the elevated railway would have been a snail to it, but then there is such a thing as too "rapid transit."

It is now settled that our Democratic but title-loving people are to have an opportunity, within a comparatively few weeks, of feasting their eyes upon a real live Emperor, in the person of Dom Pedro II., of Brazil, who is attracted hitherward by the reported wonders of the Centennial. This being the first visit of the kind Uncle Sam has ever received, coupled with the fact that this monarch is one of the most liberal and enlightened of reigning sovereigns, New York is naturally on the qui vive to behold and welcome our illustrious guest. In view of the universal attention thus attracted to Dom Pedro and his wender-

ful land, Frank Leslie's popular Monthly for April contains, among its host of good things (including a graphic sketch of foreign travel, by Mr. Leslie himself), an interesting article on Brazil, the illustrations of which embrace a portrait of the Emperor and Empress, and an elegant colored frontispiece representing the harbor of Rio Janeiro, the scene of the recent accident to the "Helvetius," just as she was leaving port with the imperial party; and in passing, it may be of interest to state that the engravings in this one number alone of this marvelous periodical, cost over four thousand dollars.

Now that the ice is broken between our Republic and the monarchies, we may hope to see other crowned heads among us this Summer. It has been several times reported that Queen Victoria desires to be present, and perhaps Brazil's course may encourage her to conquer her bashfulness and cross the seas. She would certainly receive a warm welcome both as queen and woman.

That eminent and exemplary financier, Mr. Jay Gould, shows by his action in a case now pending, that it makes as much difference to him whose ox is gored, as it does to any one else. While not at all averse himself to cornering and squeezing his lesser brethren of the street, he can't repress a slight "squeal" when his favors are reciprocated in kind. Some time ago this worthy man made one of the common bets on the price of gold by buying or selling for future delivery, and supposing the thing to be in his own hands, as usual, placidly awaited results. But for some reason the "kingfisher" was for once a little out in his calculations, and at the appointed time gold took the wrong turn. Had everything gone off according to his programme, Mr. Gould would of course have insisted on collecting the difference, and would have pocketed it with a bland smile, worthy of the "Heathen Chinese." But when it came a demand on his own cash-box for forty or fifty thousand dollars, the whole transaction suddenly took on a very different aspect. He at once perceived that the whole system was wrong, and this particular transaction especially immoral. He therefore refused payment, and on being sued, comes into court and confesses that he has been gambling in gold, and pleads that his loss being a gambling debt, is not collectible. It is to be hoped that this heroic defense will be as successful in saving Mr. Gould's pocket, as it is in raising his position in public estimation.

We had down on our programme of attractions for March 25th a partial eclipse of the sun, but the busy-body clouds that are forever getting in the way at such times, coolly planted themselves in front of the orb of the day and frowned down at scientific New York the historic inquiry, "What are you going to do about it?" which conundrum proving a puzzler scientific New York only growled a little and at once set to work calculating when they would get another chance to see the same again, which proved to be in 1878.

"Julius Caesar" left the stage at Booth's April 1st, after 103 consecutive performances. The popularity of the play remained unimpaired to the last, but other engagements of the principal actors rendered its withdrawal necessary. The 100th performance on Thursday was the occasion for a sort of ovation to Messrs. Barrett, Davenport, Bangs and Levick, who were presented with an elegant floral tribute, and who made brief speeches. Mr. Davenport will go to Philadelphia, where this magnificent play will be brought out at the Opera House. It is well worth seeing by any of our readers, who may happen to be in the Quaker city during its continuance.

RADIX.

—Hon. A. K. McClure, the renowned editor and orator, will lecture before the Centennial Temperance Club, on Friday evening the 28th inst. The lecture will be delivered in the Court House, and the subject will be the lecturer's "Personal recollections of Abraham Lincoln," being a series of serious and humorous reminiscences of the dead president. Col. McClure is one of the finest orators in the Union, and his splendid personal appearance and graceful manner render him one of the most attractive men in public life. Gov. Curtin has secured the Colonel's services for the club on the evening above mentioned.

—Just received at Green's drug store a fine assortment of French and English tooth brushes.

(Correspondent of Village Record.)
Letter from Harrisburg.

HARRISBURG, April 1, 1876.

The Democratic and Republican conventions have seriously interfered with the progress of legislation the past two weeks, to the great delight of the majority of the House, who cannot disguise their satisfaction at anything calculated to prolong the session. The members who are favorable to as late an adjournment as possible, permit no opportunity afforded for the interruption of legislation to go unimproved. Every motion to increase the number of sessions meets their determined opposition, and all efforts to curtail or dispense with regular sessions receive the most earnest support. They have neither regard for the interests of the people whom they represent, nor for the party which elected them. They are simply after the spoils and to this end they are bending all their energies. When a proposition is presented to do increased work, they not only record their votes against it but urge others to follow their example.

They realize that this is their last chance to bleed the State Treasury in a legislative capacity and propose to make all the money they can out of their position. Last year the State was cheated out of twenty-eight days by the members of the Legislature, who, instead of sitting one hundred days and finishing business, adjourned in seventy-two days. This year at least twenty-eight days will be added to the regular session in order to draw extra pay at the rate of ten dollars a day for work that should have been done last winter. This is downright robbery of the people and the Democratic House, as it justly deserves, will be held to a rigid account for the scheme of plunder. The feeling in favor of a long session is not confined to any particular party, but a large majority of the advocates are Democrats. From the immense amount of business in an unfinished state in the House it is reasonable to predict that the Legislature will not adjourn before the opening of the Centennial Exposition, the 10th of May, by which time the State will be at least \$75,000 poorer than she would have been at the end of a regular session. It costs about \$2,500 a day to pay the Senators and Representatives alone, not to mention the officers and attaches of the Legislature. Should no adjournment be effected until the 10th of May, the legislators would receive \$67,500 and other incidental expenses would increase the amount to \$75,000 if not more. There is no provision for the payment of clerks and other employees for extra compensation, but means will, no doubt, be devised to place them on the same footing with the members.

The committee on appropriation has been withholding the general appropriation bill from the House for a double purpose to prevent it from being passed with the feature setting aside \$375,000 for the payment of Legislative expenses and to compel the Senate to recede from its position, not to consider any House bills messaged to it after the 1st of April. On Thursday, when several sections of the bills had been passed, and the \$75,000 feature had been reached, the Chairman of the committee had its further consideration postponed until next Thursday. By that time it is expected the necessity for increasing the amount, so as to cover all possible expenses incident to a prolonged session will be fully realized and the Senate will have come to the conclusion to abandon their position. The appropriation bill, as originally introduced in the House, provided \$500,000 for the payment of legislative expenses, which amount contemplated a session of one hundred and fifty days. This bold threat provoked very severe criticism and the committee deemed it prudent to reduce the amount to the customary appropriation. Now since it has become evident that the Legislature cannot adjourn at the end of the regular session, it is intended to put up the amount again. The Senate has disposed of all the bills on its calendar which originated in that body, having either passed, defeated or indefinitely postponed the 330 introduced. This work has been accomplished in a little more than half the time consumed by the House, and, but for the tardiness of the latter, the Senate would now be ready to adjourn. As the case stands, it will be obliged to keep the company of its slow neighbor for five or six weeks longer.

The long session is helping the contractor for the printing of the Legislative Record amazingly; the pages al-

Continued on Fourth Page.

Poetry.

Speak Gently.

Speak gently! It is better far
To rule by love than fear.
Speak gently! Let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind.
And gently friendship's accents flow,
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
The full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one;
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run;
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh words be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring—know
They may have sinned in vain;
Pardon unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!

Speak gently! He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When clemency were in fierce strife,
Said to them, Peace, be still.

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well,
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

The Better Language.

Many and many years ago,
When we old folks were young,
In giving language to our thoughts
We used our mother tongue.

But now the age is grown so fast,
The old words are forgot,
And nothing will suffice as now
But slang that is red hot.

In those old times we never said
Of Joe, or Tom or Bill,
In speaking of their peevishness,
"He sings a nasty quill."

In speaking of a man of sense,
"His judgment's good," they said;
But now they say, "The old sardine
Has got a level head."

Once angry words would lead to blows:
But now, when a "galoot"
"Gives too much chin," or "puts on
frills,"
We "paste him in the snoot."

In sorrow then they spoke of death,
With pale and trembling lip;
But now, "He's handed in his checks,"
Or, "the duffer slipped his grip."

Then, as they grasped a friendly hand,
They said, "How do you do?"
But now, "What have you got that's fresh?
Or, 'Well, old chap, what's new?'"

Then, "He plays billiards well!"
Of one excelled by few;
But now, "Well, he is not a slouch,
He shoves a healthy cue."

Once on a time a man danced well,
Alas! 'tis no more;
"He's just the boy can shake himself
When you boost him on the floor."

A man once used to go to lunch
When eating time drew near;
But now he'll "wrestle with his hash,"
Or "tackle his daily beer."

Old friends at meeting used to pledge
Each other in a cup;
But now it is, "He's to be yer, Bill!"
And, "George, just hang that up."

Oh, give me back those good old days,
When both the old and young
Used some of the true old-fashioned words,
And slang was never sung.

Our Story Teller.

Ruth's Step-father.

A curious trade to take to, but it has grown to be profitable. Things were at a low ebb with me when I took it up while now—

There I won't boast, only that I'm thankful for it. Poverty comes in at the door and love flies out at the window, so they say; but that's all nonsense, or else your poor people would always be miserable, while according to my experience your poor man is often more light-hearted than the man with thousands.

I was at my wit's end for something to do, and sat nibbling my nails and grumbling audibly.

"Don't go on like that, Tom," said my wife; "things might be worse."

"How?" I asked.

"Why we might have Luke at home, and he is doing well."

Luke's our boy, you know, and we had got him into a merchant's office, where he seemed likely to stay; I was in a grumbling fit then, and there was a clackety-click noise going on in the next room that frightened me terribly.

"Things can't be worse," I said, angrily, and I was going to prove ourselves in the wrong by making my wife cry, when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," I said, and a fellow lodger put in his head.

"Are you good at work, Mr. Smith?" he said.

"What works?" I said, "fire works—gas works?"

"No, no; I mean works of things as goes with wheels and springs."

"Middling," I said, for I was fond of pulling clocks to pieces and trying to invent.

Sewing machines were newish in those days, and I got up to have a look at it, and after an hour's fiddling about I began to see abt the reason why—the purpose, you know, of all the screws, and cranks and wheels; I found out, too, why our neighbor's wife, who was a dress maker, and had just started one could not get it to go; and before night, by thinking and putting this and that together had got her in the ways of working pretty steadily, though with my clumsy fingers I couldn't have done it myself.

I had my bit of dinner and tea with these people, and they forced half a crown upon me as well, and I went back

feeling like a new man, so refreshing had been that bit of work.

"There," said my wife, "I told you something would come."

"Well, so you did," said I, "but the something is rather small."

But the very next day—as we were living in the midst of people who were fast taking the sewing machines—if the folks from the next house didn't want me to look at theirs! and then the news spread; as news will spread, that there was somebody who could cobble and tinker machinery without putting people to the expense that makers would if the jobs didn't come in fast, so that I was obliged to get files and drills and a vise—regular set of tools by degrees; and at last I was as busy as a bee from morning until night, and whistling over my work as happy as a king.

Of course every now and then I got a breakage, but I could generally get over that by buying a new wheel or spindle, or what not. Next we got to supplying shuttles and needles and machine cotton of a man who was tired of it. Next week I sold it at a good profit. Bought another and another, and sold them; then got to taking them and money in exchange for new ones, and one way and the other became a regular big dealer, as you see.

Hundred? Why, new, second-hand, and with those being repaired up-stairs by the men, I've got at least three hundred on the premises, while if anybody had told me fifteen years ago that I should be doing this, I should have laughed at him.

That pretty girl showing and explaining the machine to a customer? That's Ruth, that is. No, not my daughter—yet—but she soon will be. Poor girl, I always think of her and of the bread thrown upon the waters at the same time.

Curious idea that, you will say, but I'll tell you why.

In our trade we have strange people to deal with. Most of them are poor, and can't buy a machine right off, but are ready and willing to pay so much a week. That suits them and it suits me, if they'll keep the payments up to the end.

You won't believe me, perhaps, but some of them don't do that. Some of them leave their lodging, and I never see them again; and the most curious part is that the sewing machines disappear with them, and I never see them again. Many a one, too, that has disappeared like that I do not see again—perhaps have it brought here by some one to be repaired, or exchanged for a bigger, or for one of a different make; for if you look around here you'll see I've got all kinds—new and old, little domestics and big trades—there, you name any maker and see if he don't bring you out one of his works.

Well, when I ask these people where they got their machine—for I always know them by the number—it turns out that they have bought it through an advertisement or at a sale-room, or may be out of a pawnbroker's shop.

But I've had plenty of honest people to deal with, too—them as have come straight forward and told me they couldn't keep up their payments, and asked me to take their machine back, when I'd allow them as much as I thought fair, and 'twould be an end of a pleasant transaction.

The way I've been bitten, though, by some folks has made me that case-hardened, that sometimes I've wondered whether I'd got any heart left, and the wife had to interfere, telling me I've been spoiled with prosperity, and grown unfeeling.

It was she that made me give way about Ruth, for one day, after having my bristles all set up by finding out that three good sound machines, by best makers, had gone nobody knew where, who should come into the shop but a lady-like looking woman in very shabby widow's weeds. She wanted a machine for herself and daughter to learn, and said that she had heard that I would take money by installments. Now, just half an hour before, by our shop clock, I made a vow that I'd give up all that part of the trade, and I was very rough with her—just as I am when I'm cross—and said "No."

"But you will if the lady gives security," says my wife, hastily.

The poor woman gave such a woe-begone look at us, that it made me more out of temper than ever, for I could feel that if I stopped I should have to let her have one at her own terms. And so it was; for there, if I didn't let her have a first-class machine, as good as new, she only paying seven and six down, and undertaking to pay half a crown a week, and no more security than nothing.

To make it worse, too, if I didn't send the thing home without charge, Luke going with it, for he was back at home now keeping my books, being grown into a fine young fellow of five-and-twenty; and I sat and growled the whole of the rest of the day, calling myself all the weak-minded idiots under the sun, and telling the wife that the business was going to the dogs, and I should be ruined.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Tom," she said.

"So I am," says I. "I didn't think I could be such a fool."

"Such a fool as to do a good, kind action to one who was evidently a lady born, and come down in the world."

"Yes," I says, "o living in Bennett's Place, where I've sunk no less than ten machines in five years."

"Yes," says the wife, "and cleared hundreds of pounds. Toor, I'm ashamed of you—you a man with twenty workmen busy up stairs, a couple of thousand pounds worth of stock, and in the bank a—"

"Hold your tongue, will you?" I said roughly, and went out into the shop to try and work it all off.

Luke came back soon after, looking very strange, and I was at him directly. "Where's the seven and six?" I inquired angrily.

He didn't answer, but put three half-crowns down on the desk, took out the book, made his entries, date of delivery, first payment, when the other's were due, and all the rest of it—and was then going into the house.

"Mind," I says, sharply, "those payments are to be kept to the day; and to-morrow you go to Rolly's, who lives nearly opposite to 'em, and tell 'em to keep an eye on the window, or we shall lose another machine."

"You needn't be afraid, father," he says, coldly, "they're honest enough, only poor."

I was just in that humor, I wanted to quarrel with somebody, and that did it.

"When I ask you for your opinion young man, you give it to me; and when I tell you to do a thing, you do it," I says, in as savage a way as ever I spoke to the lad.

"You go over to-morrow and tell Rolly to keep a strict lookout on those people—do you hear?"

"Father," he says, looking me full in the face, "I couldn't insult them by doing such a thing," when without another word he walked quietly out of the shop, leaving me worse than ever.

For that boy had never spoken to me like that before, and I should have gone after him, feeling mad like, only some people came in, and I didn't see him again till evening, and a good thing, too, for I'm sure I should have said all sorts of things to the boy, that I should have been sorry for after. And there I was fuming and fretting about: savage with everybody, giving short answers, snapping at my wife, and feeling as a man does feel when he knows that he has been in the wrong and hasn't the heart to go and own it.

It was about 8 o'clock that I was sitting by the parlor fire, with the wife working and very quiet, when Luke came in from the workshop with a book under his arm, for he had been totting up the men's piecework, and what was due to them; the sight of him made me feel as if I must quarrel.

He saw it, too, but he said nothing, only put the accounts away and began to read.

The wife saw the storm coming, and she knew how put out I was, for I had not lit my pipe, nor yet had my evening nap, which I always have after tea. So she did what she knew so well how to do—filled my pipe, forced it into my hand, and just as I was going to dash it to pieces in the ashes, she gave me one of her old looks, kissed me on the forehead, with one hand she pressed me back into my chair, and then with the other she lit a splint and held it to my tobacco.

It was done. She always gets over me like that; and after smoking in silence for half an hour, I was lying back, with my eyes closed, dropping off to sleep, when the wife said (what had gone before I hadn't heard):

"Yes, he's asleep now."

That woke me up, of course, and if I didn't lie there shamming and heard all they said in a whisper.

"How come you to make him more vexed than he was, Luke?" said the wife; and he told her.

"I couldn't do it, mother," he said, excitedly.

"It was heart-breaking. She's living in a wretched room there with her daughter; and mother, when I saw her, I felt as if—there, I can't tell you."

"Go on, Luke," she said.

"They're half starved," he said, in a husky way.

"Oh, mother, it's horrible. Such a sweet, beautiful girl, and the poor woman herself dying, almost, with some horrible disease."

The wife sighed.

"They told me," he went on, "how hard they had tried to live by ordinary needlework, and failed, and that as a last resource they had tried to get the machine."

"Poor things!" said the wife, "but are you sure the mother was a lady?"

"A clergyman's widow," says Luke, hastily; "there isn't a doubt about it. Poor girl! and they've got to learn to do it before it'll be of any use."

"Poor girl, Luke," says the wife, softly, and I saw through my eyelashes that she laid a hand upon her arm and was looking curiously at him, when, if he didn't cover his face with his hands, rest his elbows on the table, and give a low groan! Then the old woman got up, stood behind his chair, and began playing with and caressing his hair like the foolish old mother would.

She didn't answer for a moment, only

stood looking down at him, and then said, softly:

"They paid you the first money?"

"No," he said hoily. "I hadn't the heart to take it."

"Then the money you paid was your own, Luke?"

"Yes, mother," he says simply; and those two stopped, one looking at the other, till the wife bent down and kissed him, holding his head afterwards for a few moments between her hands; for she always did worship that chap, our only one, and then I closed my eyes tight and went on breathing heavy and thinking.

For something like a new revelation had come upon me. I knew Luke was five-and-twenty and that I was fifty-four, but he always seemed like a boy to me, and here was I waking up to the fact that he was a grown man, and that he was thickening an feeling as I first thought and felt when I saw his mother, high upon eight-and-twenty years ago.

I lay back, thinking and toiling myself I was very savage with him for deceiving me, and that I wouldn't have him and his mother laying plots together against me, and that I wouldn't stand by and see him making a fool of himself with the first pretty girl he sets eyes on, when he might marry Maria Turner, the engineer's daughter, and have a nice bit of money with her to put into the business, and then be my partner.

"No," I says; "if you plot together, I'll plot all alone;" and then I pretended to wake up, took no notice, and had my supper.

I kept rather gruff the next morning, and made myself very busy about the place, and dare say spoke more sharply than usual, but the wife and Luke were as quiet as could be, and about twelve I went out with a little oil-can and two or three tools in my pocket.

It was not far to Bennett's Place, and on getting to the right house I asked for Mrs. Murray, and was directed to the second floor, where as I reached the door I could hear the clicking of my sewing machine, and whoever was there was so busy over it that she did not hear me knock, so I opened the door softly and looked in upon as sad a scene as I shall ever, I dare say, see.

There in a bare room sat, asleep in her chair, the widow lady who came about the machine, and I could see that in her face, which told plainly enough that the pain and suffering she must have been going through for years would soon be over, and situated as she was, it gave me a kind of turn.

"It's no business of yours," I said to myself, roughly; and I turned then to see who it was bending over my machine.

I could see no face—only a slight figure in rusty black.

"So that's the gal, is it?" I said to myself.

I got no further, for at that moment the girl started and turned around.

"Hush!" she said softly, holding up her hand; and I saw it was as thin and transparent as if she had been ill.

"My name is Smith," I said, taking out a screw driver. "My machine, how does it go? Thought I would come and see."

Her face lit up in a moment, and she came forward eagerly.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said, "I can't quite manage this."

She pointed to the thread regulator, and the next minute I was showing her that it was too tight, and somehow, in a gentle, timid way, the little witch quite got over me, and I stayed there two hours showing her, till her eyes sparkled with delight, as she found out how easily she could now make the needle dart in and out of the hard material.

"Do you think you can do it now?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, I think so; I am so glad you came."

"So am I," says I, gruffly; "it will make it all the easier for you to earn the money, and pay for it."

"And I will work so hard," she said, earnestly.

"That you will, my dear," I says, in spite of myself, for I felt sure it wasn't me speaking, but something in me. "She been ill long?" I said, nodding toward her mother.

"Months," she said, with the tears starting in her pretty eyes; "but," she added, brightly, "I shall have enough with this to get her good medicines and things she can fancy;" and as she looked at her, something in me said:

"God bless you, my dear, I hope you will;" and the next minute I was going down stairs, calling myself a fool.

They thought I didn't know at home, but I did; there was the wife going over again to Bennett's Place; and all sorts of little nice things were made and taken there. I often used to see them talking about it, but I took no notice; and that artful scoundrel, my boy Luke, used to pay the half-crown every week out of his own pocket, after going to fetch it from the widow's.

All this time I told myself I didn't like it, for I could see that Luke was changing, and always thinking of that girl—a girl not half good enough for him. I remembered being poor myself, and hated poverty, and I used to speak harshly to Luke and the wife, and feel very bitter.

At last came an afternoon when I knew there was something wrong. The wife had gone out directly after dinner, saying that she was going to see a sick woman—I knew who it was, bless you! and Luke was fidgeting about, not himself; and at last he took his hat and went out.

"They might have confided in me," I said, bitterly, but all the time I knew that I wouldn't let them. "They'll be spending money—throwing it away. I know they have spent pounds on them already."

At last I got in such a way that I called down our foreman, left him in charge, and took my hat and went—after them.

Everything was quiet in Bennett's Place for a couple of dirty, dejected-looking women, one of them was in airers to me, had sent the children that played in the court right away, because of the noise, and were keeping guard so that they should not come back.

I went up the stairs softly, and all was very still, only as I got near the room I could hear a bitter, wailing cry, and then I opened the door gently and went in.

Luke was there, standing with his head bent by the sewing machine, the wife sat in a chair, and on her knees, with her face buried in the wife's lap, was the poor girl, crying as if her little heart would break; while on the bed, with all the look of pain gone out of her face, lay the widow—gone to meet her husband where pain or sorrow are no more.

I couldn't see very plainly, for there was a mist like before my eyes; but I know Luke flushed up as he took a step forward as if to protect the girl, and the wife looked at him in a frightened way.

But there was no need, for something that wasn't me spoke, and that in a very gentle way, as I stepped forward, raised the girl up, and kissed her pretty face before laying her little helpless head upon my shoulder, and smoothing her soft brown hair.

"Mother," says that something from within me, "I think there's room in the nest at home for this poor, forsaken little bird. Luke, my boy, will you go and fetch a cab? Mother will you see what wants doing here?"

My boy gave a sob as he caught my hands in his, and the next moment he did what he had not done for years—kissed me on the cheek—before running out of the room, leaving me with my darling nestling on my breast.

I said "my darling," for she has been the sunshine of our home ever since, a pale wintery sunshine while the sorrow was fresh, but spring and summer now.

Why, bless her! look at her. I've felt ashamed sometimes to think that she, a lady of birth, should come down to such a life, making me—well, no, it's us now, for Luke's partner—no end of money by her clever ways. But she's happy, thinking her husband that is to be, the finest fellow under the sun; and let me tell you there's many a gentleman not so well off as my boy will be, even if the money has all come out of a queer trade. —Cassell's Magazine.

Foul Murder.

Remarkable Discovery of the Real Criminal Nine Years After the Crime—A Woman Packed to Pieces.

The quiet little village of Stewartsville is located on the Morris and Essex division of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad, about five miles from its terminus at Easton, Penn'a. Though surrounded by the most rugged and picturesque scenery, and though nestled in the lap of one of the most beautiful and productive valleys of the State, there is, perhaps, no other village along the line of the railroad that is so seldom heard of, nor another which furnishes such scanty amusement to the occasional visitor. The majority of its six hundred inhabitants are farmers. Life is slow at Stewartsville, truly, and it is only at rare intervals that anything happens to ruffle its repose.

On February 15, 1867, just nine years ago, however, at an hour when more than half the village was preparing for sleep, there arose a cry that sent a chill of horror to the very heart, and which, echoing against the mountain side, was swept through the valley, and heard of all over the United States. It was the cry that a young and amiable wife, well known to all, had been struck, mutilated and finally murdered with a hatchet; that her body had been found, rolled up as if it had been a bale, then crammed through a narrow trap door in the floor and concealed beneath the foundation of her home.

The name of the murdered woman was Margaret Keys; the name of her husband was John. Their house was located along the Morris canal, upon the farm of Mr. Philip S. Kase.

No sooner had the cry rang through the village than hundreds of feet hurried to the spot, while the women, roused from their beds, awaited the return of the men. When the latter arrived at the little house they beheld a terrible sight. There, upon the floor, lying in a pool of blood, was outstretched in death the pale and delicate figure of Margaret Keys, her clothing soaked in gore and her hair matted and torn.

Her left temple had been crushed in with the blunt end of a hatchet, which was found in the house, and her face was laid open here and there in many a frightful gash. There were bruises upon her shoulders and upon her bosom, while one of her fingers was bitten entirely through. There was every indication that Margaret Keys had defended her home heroically, and that she had yielded up her life only after the most terrific struggle. The murderer, after finishing his work, reeled up a little trap door in the floor, concealed his victim beneath it and then disappeared.

The villagers took up the body tenderly and bore it to the barroom of the hotel, where the inquest was held. Kind hands attended the corpse, a shroud and a coffin were given by the town's folk, and a few days after she was buried. So heavy was the shock these people sustained from the affair, and so great their grief upon beholding one of their number so mangled and mutilated, that it was some time before they thought of looking for the murderer.

John Keys, the husband of the murdered woman, was a laborer upon the Morris & Essex railroad. He was steady and industrious, his credit was good at the stores, and, as far as the people knew, he had always carefully provided for and tenderly loved his wife. His grief over her corpse was heart rending. He seemed utterly crazed. His anguish could not brook control. The last that had been seen of Mrs. Keys by any of the villagers was early in the morning, prior to her death. She had gone to a neighbor to buy some milk, and during the conversation she mentioned how kindly her husband had always treated her. After careful examination it was learned that, though the body was not found until evening, the murder had been committed about noon, and it is actually the fact that John Keys came home, went in his house, got a bite of lunch, ate it directly over the body of his dead wife, concealed by the trap-door, and went off to his work again in the afternoon without seeing the blood upon the bed where the struggle took place, or without suspecting that the absence of his wife was owing to any tragic cause.

When he returned at night, however, the continued absence of his wife disturbed him so that he went all over the village looking for her. No one knew where she was; no one, indeed, had seen her since early in the morning. An acquaintance of John Keys, however, went back to the little house along the canal, and upon lifting the trap door disclosed the murdered and mangled body.

John Keys was accused of the murder of his wife. It was natural that he should be, and he accepted the accusation as if he had expected it. He acted strangely, some people said. "How could he act otherwise with such a grief at his heart and such a charge upon his shoulders?" others asked. Hence popular opinion was divided, though all demanded a thorough trial. The best detective skill in the country was secured. Yet the most experienced officers acknowledged themselves baffled at the end. They, too, laid the crime at the husband's door, they made him do the most unnatural things. They even insisted that he should enter the little house, raise up the bloody trap door at midnight and call the name of his wife three times. Try as they would the link between him and the murder was missing, and he was finally discharged. Years passed, and still no clew to the murderer.

Now comes the most wonderful part of the story. It seems almost like fiction—too strange to be true. It has been nine years since the murder, and during all this time the mystery has grown deeper and deeper. The scene, however, now changes from the quiet little village of Stewartsville to a large and flourishing city.

Upon a certain night in Cleveland, Ohio, a man named John Cunningham was furiously beating his wife; he had her down on the floor and was about to crush her face with his heel, when, in terror, she cried out:

"Don't, don't, for God's sake! or you will murder me as you murdered that woman in Jersey."

Cunningham, a few days after, was placed "in quod" for abusing his wife. The cry which the woman uttered was overheard by one James O. Duffy, a lawyer, who, as soon as Cunningham left the house, approached the woman and told her that he had heard the remark she made while Cunningham was beating her. He asked her what it meant. The woman appeared terribly alarmed, and refused to tell. She said she hated Cunningham and deeply feared him, yet when in his presence did everything he asked her to. Finally, after much urging, she told everything found in the sequel.

Again was little Stewartsville greatly excited. Two gentlemen residing there, named, respectively, Thaddeus G. Price and Charles Godfrey, set out at once for Cleveland. The following is the interesting and graphic narrative of Mr. Thaddeus G. Price, corroborated in every particular by Mr. Godfrey:

I left for Cleveland late in February last. Upon arriving there I found it most convenient to visit the daughter of

the woman with whom Cunningham had been living, and questioned her concerning the murder. She seemed somewhat reluctant to speak of it at first, but upon being assured that anything she might say would place her mother beyond the reach of the man she so much feared, the daughter said:

"My name is Agnes Reid. I was twelve years old when the murder took place. We then, Cunningham, mother and myself, lived in a house in Jersey, right across from Easton, Pa. This was nine years ago. One morning Cunningham got up early and left the house. I cannot swear whether he took a hatchet with him or not. He returned in the evening of the same day. I remember he looked very strangely and would not let me go in the house with him. He ordered me to stay out until he gave me permission to come in. By-and-bye he came out and went away. Then I heard mother crying. I went in to find out what was the matter. I found mother walking up and down the room wringing her hands and crying bitterly. It was a long time before mother would give me an idea of what troubled her. She then told me that Cunningham had done a bad act. Cunningham went away and was gone three months. I was too young to understand exactly what mother meant. We moved several times before we came here."

The main points of the affidavit of the mother are as follows: "My name is Elizabeth Reid. Nine years ago we lived opposite Easton, Pa., in New Jersey. One morning in February, 1867, Cunningham arose early in the morning and told me he was going off. He took a hatchet with him that I had cut kindling wood with the night before. He had worked on the Morris and Essex railroad. He came back in the evening looking very strangely. I saw that he had blood upon his clothing. I was alarmed, and asked him what he had been doing. He said that he had been down the road a few miles. Then taking hold of me, he told me that he had killed a woman and thrown her down a little hatchway. I saw that he did not have the hatchet with him. He said that he had gone into the house to get her money, for it was just after her husband's pay day, and that he, fearing the woman would 'blow' on him, had killed her with the hatchet. He said the struggle was a very hard one, and that at one time the woman almost got the best of him. He then cautioned me to keep still. I feared the man so that I dared not tell; if he ever gets free from law again I am sure he will kill me as he killed her. The next day I heard every one talking about the terrible affair. Cunningham went away and was gone three months, during which time I had a letter from him, in which he wanted to know whether there were any rumors about the affair. It was only the other night, when I thought that he was going to kill me, that I betrayed the secret I had kept so long."

Mr. Price then went to the place where Cunningham was held for beating his wife. The keeper said: "Cunningham, these Jersey people have come after you." He turned pale as a sheet, and trembled from head to foot. Mr. Price handcuffed the prisoner to himself and took him on to Stewartsville. He is in the county jail to await trial in April.

Cunningham seems beyond all question to be the murderer of Mrs. Keys. His character is certainly one of the worst. He has been a jailbird, bounty jumper, and during his whole life an outlaw and a thief. He had told innumerable lies since his arrest, asserting at one time that he has never been in New Jersey, and afterward confessing that he had, and that he had worked along the Morris road at the time the murder was committed and near the place where the deed was done. The excitement is very great, and the evidence, it is supposed, will leave no avenue for Cunningham's escape. Previous to leaving Cleveland he sent word to his mistress that she need not come to New Jersey to testify against him if she did not desire to, as he thought they could not compel her to leave the State.

Mr. John Keys, after the murder of his wife, remained in Stewartsville for some time. For three years past, however, nothing has been heard of him, and his whereabouts are at present unknown. It is hoped that this will meet his eye, as he undoubtedly knows Cunningham, and can give important testimony during the trial.

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No. 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 Rutgers Street, and 34 and 36 Jefferson Place, New York.

7-11-1876

New Advertisements.

SOLD ONLY by SUBSCRIPTION

APPLETON'S

AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA.

Revised Edition.

ENTIRELY RE-WRITTEN BY THE ABLEST WRITERS.

ON EVERY SUBJECT.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

H. H. FORTER,

Sole agent for Centre County.

No. 10 1/2 6th St., Pittsburg, Pa.

Specimen papers sent free on application.

7-11-1876

Sechler & Co.—Groceries.

IT WILL PAY! IT WILL PAY!

To give very careful attention to the purchase of your

GROCERIES!

For economy requires that you buy nothing but FRESH PURE GOODS. We keep on hand at all times a large and carefully selected stock of goods comprising every item that properly belongs

To the Grocery Trade.

We make it one of the cardinal points of our business to sell

PURE GROCERIES

IT WILL PAY

To buy your Groceries of a firm that, in addition to selling

PURE FRESH GOODS,

also guarantees that every article purchased of them shall prove to be just as recommended, and if in any case goods do not prove to be just as they were recommended, we not only desire but make special request that they be returned, and we will render full

SATISFACTION, AND NO QUIBLING.

IT WILL PAY

To do your trading with a house that always gives a dollars' worth for a dollar.

IT WILL PAY

To call and examine our complete stock of

FRUITS, NUTS and CONFECTIONERY

which we are now daily receiving for the

HOLIDAY TRADE.

IT WILL PAY

You handsomely to get some of our pure candies, fresh fruits and nuts for the "little folks" during the holiday season. One, or two, or five dollars, just as you can afford, spent in this way at Christmas and New Year's will bring a better return than the same amount put on interest at one hundred per cent.

IT WILL PAY

To buy your Teas and Spices of a house that makes a specialty of that line of goods and sell only the

Finest Flavored TEAS and Strictly PURE SPICES.

IT WILL PAY

In buying anything in the line of

Groceries, Confectionery, &c.,

to call at

SECHLER & CO'S,

BUSH HOUSE BLOCK, BELLEFONTE, PA.

IT WILL PAY! IT WILL PAY.

INSURANCE

AGENCY.

IRWIN'S INSURANCE AGENCY.

S. M. IRWIN, late Justice of the Peace. S. M. IRWIN & SON, JOHN J. IRWIN, Attorney at Law

OFFICE, NORTH SIDE DIAMOND, BELLEFONTE, PA.

This agency represents the oldest and best Fire Insurance Companies represented in the United States, and the best Life Insurance Company in the world.

FAIR RATES AND GOOD INSURANCE

should induce the insuring public to patronize this agency.

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

N. B. Strict attention given to collections, and remittances promptly made. Servicing of all kinds neatly done on short notice.

27-3m

Nagle, Cooke & Ewing,

Paper Hangings.

FINE PAPER HANGINGS, OIL PAINTED WALL PAPERS,

SUBSTITUTES FOR PAINTED WALLS.

DADO'S HALL AND CEILING DECORATIONS

COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF FINE AND CHEAP GOODS

NAGLE, COOKE & EWING,

1208 Chestnut Street,

19-4f

PHILADELPHIA.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH



Where Advertising Contracts can be made.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS,

MARBLE MANUFACTURER,

HIGH STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Railways.

CALIFORNIA.

The Chicago and North-Western

Railway embraces under one management the Great Trunk Railway Lines of the WEST and NORTH-WEST, and with its numerous branches and connections forms the shortest and quickest route between Chicago and all points in Illinois, Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, California and the Western Territories. Its

Omaha and California Line

is the shortest and best route for all points in Northern Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California, Oregon, China, Japan and Australia. Its

Chicago, Madison and St. Paul

line is the short line for Northern Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and for Madison, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, and all points in the great North-west. Its

Winona and St. Peter Line

is the only route for Winona, Rochester, Owatonna, Mankato, St. Peter, New Ulm, and all points in Southern and Central Minnesota. Its

Green Bay and Marquette

Banks and Bankers.

MORRIS THOMPSON, JOHN I. THOMPSON,
WM. THOMPSON, JR.
JOHN I. THOMPSON & CO.
BANKERS.
LEMON, CENTRE CO., PA.
v6n1-ly

BROCKENBACH, F. R. T. D. SUGGART, Cash'r.
CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO., receive
Deposits and allow Interest, Discount notes,
Buy and sell Government Securities, Gold and
Coupons.
v6n1-ly

Professional Cards.

W. M. P. WILSON, Attorney at Law, Belle-
fonte, Pa. Office in Mrs. Benner's Build-
ing, Allegheny St., Pa. v6n1-ly

O. FURST, Attorney-at-Law, Office on
A. High Street, corner of Diamond, second
door from First National Bank. 6-1-ly

E. BLANCHARD, Attorney-at-Law, Belle-
fonte, Pa. Office North-west corner of
Brookhoff House, next door to Centre County
Banking Co. 6-1-ly

D. S. KELLER, Attorney-at-Law, Belle-
fonte, Pa. Office North-west corner of
Brookhoff House, next door to Centre County
Banking Co. 6-1-ly

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law, Belle-
fonte, Pa. Office over Reynolds &
Co's Bank. v6n1-ly

JOHN H. ORVIS, C. T. ALEXANDER, C. M. BOWERS,
ORVIS, ALEXANDER & BOWERS, Attor-
neys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in
Garman's building, opposite Court House. 6-1-ly

BUSH, YOCUM & HASTINGS, Attorneys at
Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office North-east cor-
ner of the Diamond, opposite First National Bank
7-1-ly

STITZER & MAGEE, Attorneys at Law, Of-
fice on Allegheny St., over Reynolds' bank,
Bellefonte, Pa. May be consulted in English
or German.

JOHN I. IRWIN, Attorney-at-Law, Office
North side of Diamond, Bellefonte, Pa.
Collections carefully attended to, and remit-
tances promptly made.

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney at Law, Belle-
fonte, Pa. oc1270-1f

J. G. LOVE, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa.
Office on High St. 18471-1f

Physicians and Dentists.

EDWIN S. DORWORTH, M. D., Physician
and Surgeon. Office at his residence,
on south side of Diamond, two doors above Gar-
man's hotel. Calls promptly attended day or
night. 6-14-1f

D. R. J. W. RHONE, Dentist, has permanent
office in Bellefonte, and may be found at
all times at his office (and residence) in the
"Turner Building," on Allegheny st., first door
North of Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store.
7-13-1f

H. H. MOTTERSBAUGH, M. D., Physician
and Surgeon. Calls promptly attended
in pure drugs and medicines, fancy and toilet
articles, etc. v6n1-ly

D. R. J. B. LAIRD, OF MILESBURG, A
graduate of the University of Pennsylvania,
having had an experience of over twenty
years in civil and military practice, offers his
professional services to the public.
Female Complaints and Chronic Dis-
eases made a specialty. v6n1-ly

Expresses.

SOLOMON DEER.—Hereby gives notice to
his old friends and the business community
generally that he has a good team of horses, and
that he is prepared at all times to deliver lum-
ber, flour, feed, or baggage, or anything else in
his line, to any part of the town or County.
Everything committed to his care, will be at-
tended to punctually. 6-25-1f

JNO. D. SOURBECK
LOCAL EXPRESS.

A local expressing promptly attended to
reasonable rates.
Also, proprietor of all the bill boards in town.
BILL POSTING A SPECIALTY.
6-16-1f

Shaving Saloons.

M. S. GRAHAM, Fashionable Barber, in
basement of the Conrad House Bellefonte
Pa. The best of Razors, sharp and keen, always
on hand. He guarantees a shave without either
pulling or pain. Perumery Hair Oil, Hair
Restorative, etc., constantly on hand. WARM
AND COLD BATHS. 6-1-ly

W. M. MILLS,
FASHIONABLE BARBER AND HAIR
DRESSER.
Pleasant rooms and experienced workmen, Fel-
low new building, High Street, Bellefonte, Pa.
6-29-1f

Druggists.

ESTABLISHED 1853. ESTABLISHED 1853.
F. P. GREEN
DRUGGIST.
BUSH HOUSE BUILDING, BELLEFONTE
Keeps constantly on hand, or orders on short no-
tice, a full assortment of everything usually kept
in a first-class Drug Store. Particular attention
given to preparing Physicians' prescriptions, and
family recipes. v6n1-ly

Miscellaneous Cards.

BALLARD & CO.,
General Commission Merchants
and dealers in Grain, Wool, Hides, Tobacco,
Hops, Eggs, Butter, Cheese, Dried Fruits, Furs
Fashions, Lard, Tallow, Seeds, Bacon, Beans,
Flour, Flour, Vegetables, etc.
Warehouses, 307 & 309 N. Broad St., Philadelphia.
6-13-1f

THOMAS H. RHOADS

is prepared to do
PAPER HANGING, PAINTING & GLAZING
at reasonable rates. Orders left at his residence
on Lamb street, Bellefonte, Pa., will receive
prompt attention. Satisfaction guaranteed.
v6n1-ly

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

EDWARD T. TUTEN, EDITOR.

TERMS: \$2.00 Per Annum in Advance

OUR TERMS

FOR SUBSCRIPTION AND ADVERTISING.

The BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN is pub-
lished every Wednesday morning, in Bellefonte,
Pa. by

EDWARD T. TUTEN,

at the following rates:
One year in advance.....\$2.00
If not paid within 6 months.....\$2.50
If not paid until expiration of year.....\$3.00

Papers discontinued to subscribers at the ex-
piration of their terms of subscription, at the
option of the publishers, unless otherwise agreed
upon.

Papers will not be sent out of Centre county
unless paid for in advance.
Special notices inserted in our local columns
at 20 cts. per line for each insertion, unless
otherwise agreed upon, by the month, quarter
or year.

Editorial Notices in our local columns, 25 cts.
per line for each insertion.
Marriage or Death announcements published
free of charge. Obituary notices published free,
subject to revision and condensation by the
Editors.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding
lines this type, \$3.00 per annum.
All advertisements for a less term than three
months, 30 cents per line for the first three in-
sertions, and 5 cts. a line for each additional in-
sertion.

Advertisements for a less term than three
months, 30 cents per line for the first three in-
sertions, and 5 cts. a line for each additional in-
sertion.

Advertisements, whether displayed or blank
lines, measured by lines of this type.
A. advertisements due after the first inser-
tion.

Job Work of every variety, such as Posters,
Bill-heads, Letter-heads, Cards, Checks, Envel-
opes, Paper-books, Programmes, Blankets, &c.,
executed in the best style with promptness,
and at the most reasonable rates.
Address all communications, relating to busi-
ness, to EDWARD T. TUTEN, Bellefonte, Pa.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

The Rebel Prison Pens.

MR. EDITOR: With reluctance I
comply with your request to send along
a description of the every day life of
those who, like myself, were so unfor-
tunate as to become prisoners of war
during our late unpleasantness—reluc-
tant for various reasons. Among others
the first is, corresponding for the
press has not been my forte, hence my
timidity to begin now; and again, the
subject is one in which only a part of
the whole truth can, with propriety, be
told, for the publication of all the re-
volving scenes and occurrences of which
I was an unwilling witness—and I only
saw a few of the many—would require
a stronger faith in the total depravity
of human nature than any but eye wit-
nesses would be willing to concede in
order to give credence to the statements,
for our own good, made by the rebels.
The belief that man could become so des-
titute of sympathy as to permit him-
self to take delight in torturing his fel-
low-man; and yet it seemed to be the
chief delight of those rebel prison-keepers
to inflict all kinds of indignities upon
our defenceless heads and then
laugh at our calamities.

And again, whilst those who have
been the greatest sufferers by the cruel
treatment, have apparently been the
most willing to forgive their tormentors,
choosing rather to leave their sufferings
untold than report them to a people al-
ready acquainted with many of the hor-
rible deeds perpetrated on their kin-
men, and yet willing to forgive and en-
deavor to forget all that peace might be
restored, yet when our chief tormentor
and his lieutenant have the audacity to
publish through the press, and in the
halls of Congress, the statement that
our statements of cruel treatment are
falsehoods, set in motion for political
purposes, we cannot but conclude that
the descendants of Ananias are not all
dead; for the truth of our statements
can be verified by thousands of witness-
es whose veracity will not suffer by
comparison with that of such unre-
pentant rebels as Davis, Hill, Toombs,
etc., and reply that whatever the use,
and the results of such use, the truth of
the prisoners' sufferings cannot success-
fully be contradicted.

The difficulty of discovering the au-
thor of the admirable treatise on prison
discipline, which was adopted and en-
forced by the rebel authorities, does
not in the least argue the absence of
such discipline, and whilst the modesty
of the author may for the present pre-
vent his having it copyrighted, we
think it probable he will have the Li-
brarian of Congress issue a copyright
in time to prevent its indiscriminate
use when Mr. Hill's prospective rebel-
lion becomes fully inaugurated.

Whether Jeff Davis was the author
or not matters but little; but it is
enough to know that he had a guilty
knowledge of the cruelties inflicted,
and his continuing in charge of prisons,
—those which he knew were engaged
in it—can only leave the conclusion
that he fully approved their conduct,
and was highly gratified with the speed
with which they were depleting the
Yankee herds.

Among the first demands made of
me by my captors was the surrender of
my "wallet," and as it served the pur-
pose of both wallet and diary, I had no
means of taking notes after my cap-
ture; therefore all I will have to say
will be culled from among the many
memories of the times which tried
men's souls, as well as bodies.

On the 12th day of August, 1863,

then a lad of sixteen years, I was
enrolled as a private for Co. D, 13th
Reg't Pa. Vol. Cavalry. My company
soon being full, we joined our regiment
at Mine Run. During the winter of
1863-4, when the cavalry forces were
consolidated, our regiment was placed
in the 2d brigade, 2d division, cavalry
corps, Col. William Irvin Gregg com-
manding the brigade, Gen'l D. M.
Gregg commanding the division. Dur-
ing spring and summer of 1864, I took
part in the numerous raids, marches,
and fights in which the cavalry were en-
gaged. Sometime during the month of
July, the battalion to which I belonged
was detached from the regiment for
special service in guarding the large
herd of cattle from which all the forces
around Petersburg and City Point were
supplied with fresh beef, and with it
were stationed about twelve miles from
Petersburg, and about the same dis-
tance from City Point, along the road
leading to Fort Powhatan, on the
James river. Our protection on one
side consisted of the river, and on the
other a very attenuated picket line,
composed of Kautz's cavalry division,
the pickets in many places being fully
one-eighth of a mile apart.

Before daylight on the morning of
the 16th of September, we were awak-
ened by the sound of a few scattering
shots along the picket line, which was
about one mile from our camp. But
thinking they were only a few gueril-
las annoying the pickets, we leisurely
saddled up light mounted to go to their
assistance; but about the time we were
ready to start a rebel, bearing a flag of
truce, presented himself and demanded
an unconditional surrender of the camp
and all that was in it. A refusal was
of course made, and in a few minutes
Wade Hampton's entire force, com-
posed of 6000 or 7000 men, made a
descent on our camp, capturing thirty-
two out of the one hundred and forty
men in our battalion; not, however,
until we had given them a running fight
for over a mile, in which quite a num-
ber of men were killed and wounded,
the darkness preventing our seeing the
great odds against us; and being unable
to distinguish between the rebels and
our own men, Captain Harry Gregg,
Private Houseman, Eicholtz and my-
self rode right into the midst of a squad
of about forty rebels, and we of course
had to surrender. We were conveyed
to the rear of the rebels, where were
28 more of our battalion, and over 200
of the 1st Dist. of Columbia cavalry,
who were on picket, the rebels having
captured them some three or four miles
from the line with their reserves. At
5 o'clock the rebels were ready to move
with their booty, consisting of 240
prisoners and their horses, and 2,387
head of fine beef cattle.

And now begins our experience of the
many "advantages enjoyed" by us, as
Mr. Hill put it. They dismounted every
man of us, placing us in the middle of
the road, like so many sheep or cattle,
and thus with cavalry on either side and
in the front and rear of us, we were
obliged to travel along all that hot Sep-
tember day, with nothing to eat since
the evening before, and nothing to drink,
except what could be gathered from the
small pools standing in or alongside the
road, many of which would rival the
rainbow in variety of colors, from eight
o'clock in the morning until eleven at
night. We were thus kept tramping
along, with the exception of about a
half an hour's rest near the Jerusalem
plank road, just about midnight, and
again about half past ten o'clock. We
were compelled to wade the Notaway
river, so when at eleven o'clock we ar-
rived at Stony Creek station and were
turned into a barnyard to rest, without
any supper and without any fire at
which to dry our clothing, which had be-
come wet to the armpits in crossing the
river, but a half hour before, you may
well conclude that the rest from the
weary march of forty-eight miles during
the day, was not, under those circum-
stances, the sweetest and most refresh-
ing we had ever experienced; and, in-
deed, we question whether Ben. Hill
would have enjoyed it.

About eight o'clock next morning we
drew our first rations from the Confed-
erate commissary; we each received two
hard tack and a small piece of the poor-
est apology for pork ever anybody did
see. The piece your subscriber received
was about three inches square and one-
half inch thick, consisting of ribs,
encased on one side with a layer of salt,
and on the other by the skin of the hog,
with a very small quantity of meat be-
tween. After feasting on the above bill
of fare, we were politely informed that
"you all must get into the road again,"
which we did, and after marching twenty-
five miles that day we camped for the
night at Gen. Rossers' head-quarters.
The next morning we received four
crackers and about two ounces of pretty
fair pork, and after eating we passed
through what seemed to us a very un-
necessary part of the programme, which
was divesting ourselves of all unnecessary
baggage; and lest we might impose
heavier burdens than we ought, the
rebel officers kindly advised us as to
the amount, which they decided to be all
they could not find on searching us. We
were therefore relieved of quite a num-
ber of watches, pocket-books, pocket-

knives, etc. After being divested of all
articles of value they could find on a
search, we were placed on the march,
and after a march of about thirty miles
we arrived at Petersburg after dark, and
were lodged for the night on an island to
the rear of the town. Next morning we
received two crackers and no meat, and
were again searched for valuables. This
search was a little more vigorous than
the first. They even kept the fine teeth
combs of some of the boys, as also blank-
ets, pieces of tents, case knives, lead
pencils, etc. After this search, which
occupied a couple of hours, was finished,
we were marched some two or three
miles out from Petersburg and loaded
on the cars, and were soon "on to Rich-
mond," where we arrived soon after
nightfall. We were unloaded from the
cars and were escorted to the Hotel de
Libby, where we were welcomed by
mine host, who was a very small man
but of large importance (seemingly, to
himself), and being aware of our weariness,
he kindly assigned 240 of us a room
on the first floor, where, without any
interruption for supper, and with the
floor for a bed, and the floor for a pillow,
we were soon in the arms of Morpheus,
lost to our sorrow save when awakened
by the pinching of hunger and the calls
of the guard.

[To be Continued.]

OUR ASSOCIATED PRESS LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, April 10, 1876.

THE CENTENNIAL.

There is now lying at Kohinor Col-
liery, Shenandoah, a curiosity in the
shape of a lump of coal weighing five
tons. The lump is five feet long, five
feet high, and about four feet six inches
in thickness. It is said to be the largest
piece of undressed coal ever taken from
the mammoth vein. It will be brought
to this city for exhibition at the Centen-
nial.

About three hundred Indians repre-
senting fifty-three different tribes have
organized to come to the exposition un-
der the leadership of many of the best
known chiefs. They will bring their
families with them, and camp in wig-
wams while here, as they do in the
West. The party will come in groups,
the first of which, under the guidance
of George Anderson, a scout, will soon
reach this city.

There was landed from the Labrador,
in addition to the rare and valuable ex-
hibits for the French section, the Grand
Pavilion to be erected on the grounds by
the French Minister of Public Works.
The pavilion alone will cost 250,000
francs, and in addition to this a com-
mission will visit many parts of the
United States during the Centennial, and
make reports of their examination on
their return. The only full class of ex-
hibits yet received from France is that
of the Government, and the entire list
was filed in time to be for-
warded by the Labrador. There are
now at the Main Building (as Memorial
Hall is not ready for their reception)
500 rare paintings, 50 beautiful statues
and 20 vases of Sevres. Among the
many artists who have contributed to
the collection of paintings the names of
Luminais, Sainten Yon, Antigua, Hano-
teau Reynard, Castiglioni, Haynaguers,
Protais, and many others familiar to
connoisseurs in all countries. Among
those who have contributed statues are
such sculptors as Bartholdi, Cordier,
Cane, Menes and Barrias.

The Cremation of Julius Caesar, a
very large painting 14 by 8 feet in size,
has just been finished after nearly two
years of unremitting application, and is
now ready to be placed in the Art Gal-
lery of the Exhibition. This painting
was begun here, then taken to Rome,
where the artist availed himself, during
the progress of the most important
stages, of all the advantages the great
old city can inspire, the classical ruins,
the ancient temples, the Campagna, and
the best models and specimens of hu-
man form and character to be found
there, and which are indispensable in
the successful management of so bold
and arduous an undertaking.

It is not hard to realize in this that
we behold the ancient city. We have
at our feet the Forum, and seem to
mingle with the throng which surrounds
the temple of Vesta at the left, and on
our almost grasp the colonnade of the
temple of Venus Genetrix at the foot of
whose statue a group of
living figures of old men and matrons,
maiden and children—all "dear friends"
of Caesar's,—are rendering their garments
and casting them upon the flaming bier
in token of their country's woe, and the
calamity that has befallen them. In
attitudes the most strikingly dramatic,
far in the distance stretches the Camp-
agna; and the facades of Doric, Ionic
Corinthian architecture recede in grace-
ful perspective.

The architectural exactness of this
noble work has been diligently and care-
fully sought for from among the best
historical sources, while technical ar-
rangement of detail, grace and finish of
drawing, beautiful juxtaposition of light
and shade, strong and vivid coloring,
the solid grouping and massing of the
figures, and the great subject so ably
illustrated, unite to make a scene at
once grand, solemn. There amid the
excited populace, exalted above the
tumult on his canopied bier, "Imperius
Caesar" lies like a graven statue. Ton-
gues of lurid flame envelop the funeral
pile, prearranged; fired by the torches of
two incendiary Romans before it leaves
the Forum for its destination—the temple
of Jupiter Capitolinus—while overhang-
ing like a pall the golden tipped wreaths
of smoke ascend and drape the heavens
in mourning.

The exhibition of the animal resources
of the country, to be made by the
Smithsonian Institute will be extensive
and interesting. Among the mammals
mounted in the best manner and in
their stages of age and sex, will be shown
those of most importance as food, such
as the different species of deer, including
the moose, elk, the caribou, the
musk-ox, the buffalo, etc.

The fur and hide bearing species will
be represented by the beaver—grizzly,
brown, black, white, etc.; the foxes—

black, cross, gray, etc. Those furnish-
ing oil will be whales, sea elephants, por-
poises and other cetaceans.

The birds will include all the forms
that are appreciated as being eatable or
as supplying feathers, plumes, etc., for
the purpose of ornament or domestic
utility. The kinds especially beneficial
or injurious to the farmer will also be
exhibited.

Among the reptiles will be included
frogs, terrapins, sea turtles, alligators,
etc., as furnishing food, leather and oil.

The fishes will be shown in a variety
of specimens, mostly in plaster or pa-
per mache casts, some in alcohol, while
others will be represented by photo-
graphs.

INVESTIGATIONS.

I have never in any of my letters said
anything concerning the investigations
now going on at Washington, although
they severely affect more than one
prominent individual of our city; but
happening to meet Senator Cameron a
few days ago in answer to my question
asking what he thought Clymer's com-
mittee would develop, the Senator said,
"I asked Clymer that question a few
days ago and he replied: 'Mr. Bell says
that Luckey told him that he heard
Babcock say that Belknap told him that
Pierpont overheard Dyer telling Hender-
son that there was a doubt in his
mind that Joyce said that he thought
that McDonald reckons and believes
that ex-Attorney Gen. Williams had
told Porter that Clymer had declared
openly that Marsh had intimated to his
friends that Pendleton had told him, at
Willard's hotel, that it was known all
over Washington, that MacFarland dis-
covered that Clymer's detective over-
heard Blackburn remark that Clymer
believed that Mrs. Belknap's shoe was a
No. 1 size.'"

Here the Senator stopped to wipe his
chin and pull down his vest after which
he remarked, "It looks as though Cly-
mer had got down to the foundation of
the Belknap scandal."

A SCANDALOUS SCANDAL.

An improvement on Enoch Arden
has been made by a matrimonially in-
clined lady of this city. The heroine in
question is the daughter of one of our
most eminent manufacturers, and niece
of a clergyman distinguished alike for
his eloquence and size of his Napoleonic
nose. The latter—the clergyman and
not the nose—is a close communion-
er, and while it was perfectly proper for
little Enoch to carry Miss Goldwaite's
satchel to school and to hug her in
carrying her through the snow drifts, and
pay the other juvenile attentions that
any sensible boy would—no matter how
poor he might be—to his little sweet-
heart, regardless of the liveried equipage
and castle all covered with turrets and
towers of her rich papa.

Well, when the rich young lady grew
to budding womanhood, she married her
Enoch who was battling manfully to
sustain a precarious existence by keep-
ing a small green grocery. For two
months the little affair was a secret
known only to themselves and the pastor
who married them, but some how such
secrets will out, and when questioned
the young madam admitted all. The
next day the Saratoga trunks were pack-
ed and mamma and daughter sought, at
last, a more congenial place, forget-
fulness of Enoch and his early cab-
bages, green peas, steaks, chopsteaks,
etc.

A month later the most brilliant wed-
ding of the season took place and Lord
Loveless and his bride left the fashion-
able summer retreat for the Lovelace
manor in Canada.
For a year and a half they lived hap-
pily notwithstanding a detective con-
stantly shadowed them in order to catch
them within the jurisdiction of U.
S. Grant and Co's domain. At the end
of the time young Lovelace was gather-
ed to his fathers and the bereaved
mother with her infant 11 months old
came back to the paternal brown stone
in this city. Two weeks thereafter she
was living with her first Enoch as his
beloved wife, and so happy was the
friend and playmate of the green
grocer's childhood days to again nestle
in his arms that in just 90 days after
her return she presented him with as
fine a young son as it was ever the
pleasure of old Dr. Mercury to bring
into the world. There is such a ridicu-
lous aspect about the whole affair that
the pastor with the acquiline nose is sad
and dejected; the "member on change"
is reserved, and the green grocer looks
as though he was engaged in the effort
to solve a difficult problem in double
proportion.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The recent heavy rains and a high
easterly wind drove an unusually high
tide up the Delaware one day this week;
on the war of Messrs. Bumm & Son,
were piled several hundred sacks of salt
in stacks about 20 feet in height; the
tide rose flowing the wharf dissolved the bot-
tom sacks as quickly as a July mid-day
sun runs down a lump of butter, and
down toppled the salt into the Delaware
river very much like a pile of toy blocks
tumble when the bottom one is knocked
from under; hooks and grappling irons
were soon brought into requisition
and many of the bags were hooked up
just as good as before they went to the
bottom—but the salt had found a watery
grave.
J. W. F.

READING NOTICES.

WITHOUT COST.—Messrs. Potts Brothers
now offer to send a sample copy of the
American Stock Journal free to all
who desire to examine it. Every far-
mer should send and get one, and then
he will undoubtedly want it a whole
year for himself and family. It will
only cost one dollar to get a large 32
page illustrated monthly, telling all about
stock raising and farming. Those who
subscribe now, get 3 numbers of 1875,
free. Just the paper for hard times.
Parkburg, Chester county, Pa., is the
place to send.

WANTED.—Any quantity of butter,
cheese, eggs, lard, tallow, hides, provis-
ions, and all kinds of country produce.
We are making a specialty of seeds of
all kinds, flour, grain, wool, and dried
beef. Ship it same to Ballard & Co.,
general commission merchants and ship-
pers, 207 and 209, North Third street,
Philadelphia, Pa., who will procure for
you the highest market prices. Price
current and shipping tags furnished on
application. All letters of inquiry cheer-
fully answered. See card in another col-
umn.

Letter From Harrisburg.

ready aggregate over 1300 and the re-
mainder of the session will double the
number, subjecting the State to an ex-
pense of over \$27,000. Under the old
contract the State paid \$14 per page,
which rate, if still in operation, would
this year make the Record expense about
\$36,000. The contractor will clear from
\$5000 to \$8000 on the job, and were the
old rates in operation his profits would
reach from \$14,000 to \$17,000. Much of
the Record is taken up with windy de-
bate, and even the inauguration cere-
monies are incorporated.

The State Capitol removal question
was disposed of for the session by the
Senate, last week, by an indefinite post-
ponement of the bill providing for the
transfer. This bill provided for the re-
moval in case Philadelphia should fur-
nish a site and necessary buildings with-
out subjecting the State to any expense
and the people ratified the action of the
Legislature. The removal of the Cap-
itol is agitated at every session, but the
project has never assumed a tangible
shape. This year it would have stood a
reasonably good chance for favorable
consideration with a full Senate, but
there have been very few days of the
session, if any, at which all the Senators
were present. When the vote on in-
definite postponement was taken last
week, but thirty-one of fifty Senators
voted, sixteen of which voted against
the removal. If the seat of government
should ever be removed to Philadelphia,
Memorial Hall would probably be used
as the Capitol.

Among the forty or fifty bills reported
in the House on Friday, was one ap-
propriating \$5,000 to the Pennsylvania
State Agricultural Society, to enable it
to make a creditable display of imple-
ments at the Centennial, and to defray
expenses incident to field trials. The
bill directs that \$1,000 of the money be
transferred to the Pennsylvania Fruit
Growers' Society, which is also desirous
of making a creditable display at the
Exposition. The Centennial appropri-
ations now aggregate over \$125,000; the
most doubtful of passage has been the
bill appropriating \$60,000 for the trans-
portation of the Pennsylvania National
Guards to and from the Centennial and
the purchase of canvas. Adjutant-Gen-
eral Latta, who had serious apprehen-
sions that it would not go through the
Senate, is hopeful provided there is a
great attendance. The bill has been
amended so as to reduce the amount to
\$55,000, of which \$35,000 are to be ex-
pended in transportation and the rest
in the purchase of canvas, which is
greatly needed. So decided was the op-
position to a favorable report of the bill
from the committee, that the Adjutant-
General found it necessary to appear be-
fore the committee and urge its passage.
The military all over the State have
been preparing themselves for the Cen-
tennial, and should the bill fail to pass
there would be great disappointment.

The following brief abstract of the
proceedings of the Senate on Friday
shows the way that body with its Re-
publican majority attends to public
business, and the way the Democratic
House don't attend to the public busi-
ness: Mr. Ermantrout moved that the
Senate adjourn to meet on Tues-
day evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Mr. Strang, in support of the motion,
spoke as follows: We have disposed
finally of the calendar of Senate bills.
So far as any legislation in this branch
is concerned, the business of this session
is at an end. We have accomplished all
we have undertaken to accomplish dur-
ing the present session. There is not
remaining on the calendar of the Senate
a single Senate bill on which the Senate
proposes to take any action. There are,
according to a careful calculation on the
House of Representatives, 238 bills on
first reading, 100 on second reading and
29 on third reading, making 367 bills
undisposed of, 238 of which have not
been read the first time. We have now
reached the first of April, and when we
assemble next week (according to the
terms of the resolution) one hundred

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

EDWARD T. TUTEN, EDITOR.

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Agricultural.

A Cheap Winter Shedding.

A farmer, in the Ohio Farmer, says: In a section where there is a scarcity of boards or lumber of all kinds, or even where they can be had for a consideration, it is a nice thing to know how to build a shedding which will answer the purpose of a shelter and at the same time cost but a mere nominal amount of cash. The profession of the farmer is not marked by rapid and large gains, but by a slow, though sure, process of little by little, and it is not what he makes which renders him comfortable in after life, but what he saves, and the apparently trivial items are, in the aggregate, of vast importance.

It is very nice to have a common shed nicely made of lumber, but if the cash is not at hand to make it with, it is far better to have the shelter anyhow by substituting a cheap one—one requiring labor only to put it up. We have just put up for our own animals what we consider one of the cheapest effective sheds for young hoi ned cattle or sheep, during the day in winter, that can be made.

Our stock numbers too many to put them all in the stable; we like to let all have the entire day to themselves out in the barnyard, as it does them far more good than keeping them penned up continually, only permitting them to come out to get water and then putting them right back again. We do not claim originality in the idea or construction of this shed, but wish to call the attention of other farmers to its cheapness and advantages.

The site for the shedding was against one of the buildings in the barnyard, and was a skeleton shed with fodder as roof. We went in to the woods and cut good heavy pieces for crotches. These were planted in two rows parallel with the other building, one row being against the building, and the other row being about ten or twelve feet from the first row. The crotches should be set in the ground about two feet, and well rammed to make everything secure. From one crotch to an opposite one stout pieces are laid parallel with the building, and also along the outer row the same way. When this is done other pieces are laid across or butted up against the building which prevents them from getting out of place. If the posts are not too far apart, old rails, laid thickly on, will do just as well; and new rails, not needed for immediate use elsewhere, can be used, as they can be taken off in the spring for other use.

On the rails corn fodder is nicely and closely laid, and so sloped as to carry off the water. The fodder on the shed should be used last, or at least not until the winter is fairly broken, so that by the time it is used the weather is fine enough and warm enough to dispense with its invaluable winter service. A shed like this answers all purposes, and has the advantage of costing nothing but a little labor.

Sowing Seed.

The time will soon arrive for general seed sowing, and a hint or two in regard to it may not be out of place.

Much that is sown never appears, and the seedmen are charged with selling old or poor seeds. Sometimes this may be so, but very often it is the sower's own fault. There is much more art in sowing seeds successfully than people suppose, and yet it is very simple when understood.

Many seeds are sown too deep, and yet if not deep enough they will dry up and not grow. The depth must be determined by the size of the seed and character of the soil. If the soil be light and sandy, there is not so much danger of seeds rotting from deep sowing as if the soil be stiff; and even in stiff soil the depth will have to be determined by the condition of the soil. Suppose we are sowing a piece of oats in land that is liable to become clotty, and this is the distinction between light and heavy land. If we can roll the land after sowing it would not matter much about sowing deep; but the seed would have to be harrowed in pretty well if left in a clotty condition unrolled. Indeed, if the seed were sown on ground simply first harrowed and then rolled, in such land as we

have described, many more seed would do well than if harrowed before rolling. In other words, shallow sowing, if the ground is well pulverized and pressed firm, is more favorable than deep planting with a rough surface. Finely pulverized soil, with a well pressed surface, is indeed the very best conditions for success with all seeds; and the shallowest kind of sowing, so that the seeds be firmly imbedded in the soil, is the essence of good seed sowing.

Household Receipts.

BATTER PUDDING.—Beat three fresh eggs with six spoonfuls of flour; add to it, by degrees, a quart of milk, a table-spoonful of sugar and the same of butter. Flavor with nutmeg and essence of lemon, and bake in a buttered basin, in a quick oven, for an hour and a half. When done turn it out.

VANILLA WHIPPED CREAM.—Put a pinch of gum dragon in to a pint of cream; add a little vanilla and some milk; add loaf sugar to taste; whisk it to a strong froth, and lay it carefully away on a dish in a pyramidal form.

MARLBOROUGH CAKES.—Take 8 eggs and a pound of powdered sugar; beat them together, and then, by degrees, mix into it 12 ounces of flour and two ounces of caraway seeds, and bake in a quick oven.

COCOA-NUT DROPS.—Break a cocoa-nut in pieces, and lay it in cold water; then cut off the dark rind and grate the white meat on a coarse grater; put the whites of four eggs with half a pound of white powdered sugar; beat it till very light and white; then add to it some essence of lemon and grated cocoa-nut, until as thick as you can stir it easily with a spoon; then lay it in heaps, the shape and size of a large nutmeg, on a sheet of paper; let them be placed at least the distance of an inch apart; when all are done, lay the paper on a baking tin and set them in a quick oven. When they begin to look yellowish they are done; let them remain on the paper until cold.

Growth of Plants.

Plants grow much better where the temperature runs lower at night than during the day. It never should go below 40 degrees Fah. in the first case, or below 50 degrees in the second case. If plants stand near a window, a screen should be made by pasting papers to a frame, similar to that used for mosquito screens, placing it between the plants and window every night. A screen made in this way can be inserted in a moment, and may consist of several thicknesses of paper.

A moist atmosphere is indispensable to the healthy growth of plants, and is obtained by keeping the pan in the furnace filled with water, or an urn or some other vessel upon the stove. The atmosphere must be free from sulphurous gases, and to accomplish this end the back damper in the stove must be kept open enough to allow its escape, and the windows raised a little every day for a short time when the temperature outside will allow.

If small plants, taken from the greenhouse, be carefully potted in suitable soil and placed in a room with a somewhat moist atmosphere, free from poisonous gases, carefully watered, exposed to the sunlight a part of the day, no insects allowed upon them, and the temperature kept as directed, they will grow and will repay the labor of caring for them, and homes be made brighter and happier by the presence of an abundance of flowers.

POTATOES MIXING.—We had supposed that this question of whether potatoes ever do become mixed by either growing in the same field or hill had long ago been settled in the negative. Of course we know there are farmers who still adhere to their settled belief that potatoes do frequently mix in the hill; but it is seldom nowadays that a man of intelligence who has given these subjects careful consideration and examination will stand up and declare his faith in either. But it seems to be very difficult to eradicate prejudice or the influence of early training out of the human cranium, and although few may believe in lucky signs, still they had a little rather see the new moon over their right shoulder than over the left.

The hatching properties of an egg last well during three weeks of a month, as is proved by the prod use of game eggs in their natural state. If, however, we were obliged to keep eggs, we should keep the small end downward.

The number of eggs annually laid by a fowl is estimated at 52, which would weigh about six pounds, and as a fowl seldom weighs more than three pounds, a hen lays annually double her own weight. Seventeen eggs will weigh, on the average, two and one-half pounds.

A New York paper says: The larger the cities the better supplied with vegetables of all kinds, and the lower the price, and that vegetables are shipped from New York to towns and villages twenty to one hundred miles distant. We think that this is, as a rule, correct, and that many persons lose by shipping to the large cities, when they can get good prices nearer home.

An Unlucky Kiss.

"Now," said the old man, as he drove in the last nail, "if they want to swing on the gate let 'em do it; it's strong enough now, and moonlight's cheaper than coal oil, anyhow."

"Husband, you are a brute to talk that way," said his better half.

"What's the matter now, old woman?"

"You know that Matilda doesn't swing on the gate with her young man at night. Oh, that I should ever have lived to hear her own father say so!"

"Now, look here, old woman, don't you condemn Matilda for that?"

"Not condemn Matilda for swinging on the gate with a young man in the night! Why, you vulgar old wretch!"

"You'd better not."

"Better not? And she my own child, too?"

"You're getting excited, my dear."

"You're an old fool and a brute to talk to me as you do. You know I never get excited, but I will vindicate my child, even when her father slanders her."

"I didn't do it."

"I say you did."

"But I say I didn't."

"And I say you did, did, did, so you did."

"You had better go in the house, my love."

"And leave you here to slander my child. No, sir; I'll have you understand Matilda's mother has some respect for her, if her father hasn't."

"My love, why will you fly off on a tangent, and work yourself into such a pet?"

"I'm not in a pet—I never get in a pet."

"Now, after all, what have I said against Matilda?"

"Said? Didn't you accuse her of improper conduct?"

"By no means."

"Didn't you say she stayed out at night with young men, and it saved expense, you old skinflint?"

"I was only jesting."

"Oh, you were? Your own flesh and blood, my poor, innocent Matilda, to be made a jest: That I should ever have lived—"

"and the poor woman broke down with sobbing."

"Now, see here, old woman," said the husband, kindly but firmly; "if you don't hush your nonsense and dry up, I'll tell Matilda's beau not to be caught swinging on the gate with her at night, and I'll tell 'em why."

"You will, eh?"

"Yes, I will; because when I was a courting man I was swinging on the gate with a young woman one night, and Sam Solomon happened to pass by just as she gave me the good-night kiss."

She commenced feeling around for something.

"It was the most unlucky kiss ever I got, for Sam gave up trying after that, and as soon as he got out of the way, it was me or nobody."

It was lucky that he got over the fence, and around the corner as he did, or the surgeon wouldn't have had such an easy job of it.

Does It Pay to be Boss?

A young contractor in one of the large Springfield manufactories, in company with his wife, a sad looking little woman in threadbare clothing, entered one of the town meat markets, one recent Saturday evening, and, after gazing around for a moment, the man ordered a soup bone for Sunday. While it was being wrapped up, a spruce-looking young man, with a massive gold watch chain, attired in a suit cut in the latest fashion and a \$60 overcoat, entered, and pompously ordered four pounds of sirloin steak at 25 cents per pound. The little woman looked wistfully at the tender, juicy steak as it was being cut off, and then at the bone which was to furnish her dinner the next day, and, turning to her husband, said: "George, why can't we have as good meat as that man; he works under you at the shop?" "I know it, Jennie," replied the contractor, drawing himself up to his full height, "but he's only a poor bench workman, and I'm boss, and it's worth something to boss, you know."

"Yes," said the wife with a sigh that said plainly that she would much rather be a poor workman's wife and eat sirloin steak, than the wife of a "boss" and live on soup.

Now for the dogs. If you keep one yourself tie him at night, and shoot every strange dog you find prowling around your sheep-pen at night. If you occasionally put out a bait with strychnine upon it it will do its work noiselessly, but none the less effectually. Any dog that is worth having is worth keeping at home.

New Advertisements.

VEGETINE

Strikes at the root of disease by purifying the blood, restoring the liver and kidneys to healthy action, invigorating the nervous system.

Vegetine

Is not a vile, nauseous compound, which simply purges the bowels, but a safe, pleasant remedy which is sure to purify the blood and thereby restore the health.

Vegetine

Is now prescribed in case of Scrofula and other diseases of the blood, by many of the best physicians, owing to its great success in curing all diseases of this nature.

Vegetine

Does not deceive invalids into false hopes by purging and creating a fictitious appetite, but assists nature in clearing and purifying the whole system, leading the patient gradually to perfect health.

Vegetine

Was looked upon as an experiment for some time by some of our best physicians, but those most incredulous in regard to its merits are now its most ardent friends and supporters.

Vegetine

Instead of being a puff-blow medicine has worked its way up to its present astonishing success by actual merit in curing all diseases of the blood, of whatever nature.

Vegetine

Says a Boston physician, "has no equal as a blood purifier. Hearing of its many wonderful cures, after all other remedies had failed, I visited the laboratory and secured myself of its genuine merit. It is prepared from bark, roots and herbs, each of which is highly effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce astonishing results."

Vegetine

Is acknowledged and recommended by physicians and apothecaries to be the best purifier and cleanser of the blood yet discovered, and thousands speak in its praise who have been restored to health.

Proof.

WHAT IS NEEDED.

Boston, Feb. 13, 1871.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS: Dear Sir—About one year since I found myself in a feeble condition from general debility. VEGETINE was strongly recommended to me by a friend who had been much benefited by its use. I procured the article and after using several bottles, was restored to health and discontinued its use. I feel quite confident that there is no medicine superior to it for those complaints for which it is especially prepared, and would cheerfully recommend it to those who feel that they need something to restore them to perfect health. Respectfully yours, C. L. PETTINGILL, Firm of S. M. Folsom & Co., State St.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 26, 1872.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS: Dear Sir—The two bottles of VEGETINE furnished me by your agent, my wife has used with great benefit. For a long time she has been troubled with dizziness and vertigo; these troubles are now entirely removed by the use of VEGETINE. She was also troubled with dyspepsia and general debility; and has been greatly benefited. THOS. GILMORE, 223 1/2 Walnut street.

Feel Myself a New Man

NATICK, MASS., June 1, 1872.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS: Dear Sir—Through the advice and earnest persuasion of Rev. E. R. East, of this place, I have been taking VEGETINE for Dyspepsia, or which I have suffered for years. I have used only two bottles and already feel myself a new man. Respectfully, DR. J. W. CARTER.

Report from a Practical Chemist and Apothecary.

BOSTON, Jan. 1, 1874.

Dear Sir—This is to certify that I have sold at retail 1544 doses (1842 bottles) of your VEGETINE since April 2, 1870, and can truly say that it has given the best satisfaction of any remedy for the complaints for which it is recommended that I ever sold. Scarcely a day passes without some of my customers testifying to its merits on themselves or their friends. I am perfectly convinced of several cases of Scrofulous Tumors being cured by VEGETINE alone in this vicinity. Very respectfully yours, AL GILLMAN, 465 Broadway.

To H. R. Stevens, Esq.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

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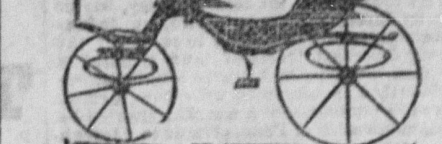
Plants of the newest and finest improved sorts, carefully packed and prepared by mail. My collection of Strawberries took the first premium for the best collection, at the great Massachusetts Horticultural Society, in Boston, last season. I grow nearly 100 varieties, the most complete collection in the country, including all the new, large American and imported kinds. Priced descriptive catalogue, gratis, by mail. Also, Bulbs, Fruit Trees, Roses, Evergreens. 24 packets Flower or Garden Seeds, \$1.00 by mail.

The True Cape Cod Cranberry, best sort for upland, lowland or garden, by mail, prepaid. \$1 per 100, 25 per 1,000. Wholesale Catalogue to the trade. Agents wanted.

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AND LUMBER WAGONS

Having rebuilt our factory, lately burned in the great fire at Milesburg, we have removed from Bellefonte, and can now be found at our new place of business near

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Thankful to our friends for past favors we solicit a continuance of their patronage at our new establishment.

Repairing Neatly and Carefully Done,

and satisfaction guaranteed. Our motto is, As Cheap as the Cheapest and Good as the Best. 7-23-17

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SPRING STREET,

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FLOUR & GRAIN,

Have just received a Large and Well-selected Stock of

Dry Goods

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PANIC PRICES

Always glad to show their goods whether you buy or not.

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CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

\$23 SUITS! \$25 SUITS!

OVERCOATS, \$16.50 & \$18.

PANTALOONS, \$6.00.

The great "mark down" for the

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We are prepared to take orders for CLOTHING—full suits for \$23 and \$25, of genuine all-wool fabrics, well made, well-trimmed, and guaranteed to fit, or no sale.

Spring Overcoats, \$16.50 & \$18

PANTALOONS, \$6.00.

We are now having made a full assortment of the best woolen goods at the above very low prices, and are ready to take your measure for a complete outfit at the same prices. These goods we have the full control of for this market, and are especially adapted to fine custom trade. The largest, fullest and most complete assortment of

HATS & SHIRTS

In the county. The best Wamsutta shirt, 3-ply linen bosom, and the "King of Shirts," \$1.00 each. Hats and Shirts as low as \$1.00.

HATS—SHIRTS—COLLARS

Country merchants' attention especially called to our stock and prices of the above articles.

MONTGOMERY & CO.

[Successors to John Montgomery.] NO. 7 BROCKERTHOFF ROW.

Everybody is invited to inspect our stock. v84-1

WM. S. TRIPPLE,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

McCAFFERTY'S NEW BUILDING, Opposite Depot. Has just received a large invoice of GENTLEMEN'S

FURNISHING GOODS.

of the latest styles, FASHIONABLE SUITS

MADE TO ORDER AT

LOW CASH PRICES.

v5-12-17

MERCHANT TAILORING.

NO. FOUR BROCKERTHOFF ROW, ALLEGHENY STREET, BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

Just received by

WM. McCLELLAN,

a most complete stock of CLOTHS.

CASSIMERES

AND VESTINGS;

which he is prepared to make to order in the latest and most fashionable style for men or boys.

Particular attention given to cutting and fitting. He also keeps on hand a full line of

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of every style and variety, consisting of hats and caps, straw goods, muslin or linen shirts, undercloths for summer or winter wear, suspenders, hose, neck-ties, collars, both paper and linen, handkerchiefs.

The best manufacture of Kid Gloves, a full assortment of sizes, colors, etc., on hand.

WM. McCLELLAN,

No. 4 Brockert Hoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa. 5-13-17

Bellefonte Car Works.

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will sell Hardware, Stoves, Saddlery, Coach-makers' Material, Builders' Hardware, of all kinds, Nails, Iron and Glass, specialties, at the lowest cash prices. We have the best Cutlery, and will sell lower to come and see us.

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One Hundred Years Ago. Song and Chorus. By Hays, 35 cents.
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Scatter Sweet Flowers o'er Her Grave. Danks, Price 30c.
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"O' Calvary," mezzo or baritone solo, by Chas. Lange. Chas. Lange's compositions and arrangements are too well known to need commendation. Price 30c.
"Jesse that Lives over the Sea," by Thos. Westendorf. Song and chorus, sentimental in style, and quite easy to learn. Price 30c.
"Till your Angel Wings are Grown," song and chorus by Henry Riecke. This is a very pathetic in style, by the author of "Read me a Chapter from the Bible." Price 34c.
"Read me a Chapter from the Bible," by Henry Riecke. The title of the above is sufficient to recommend it to every family. It has already passed through many editions. Price 35c.
"I Dreamt of you Last Night," song and chorus, by C. E. Hodge. An easy song, with piano or read organ accompaniment. Price 30c.
"I'll Think of Thee when Morning Beams," by David Small. A pretty sentimental song. Price 30c.
"Ave Maria Stella," by A. Sullivan. "Hear Ye, O Father," by A. Sullivan. The above is a very effective solo, written in the author's happiest style.

As the above compositions are all good and meritorious, it will not be necessary for us to say to those who wish the latest and best music to send their orders to Balmer & Weber, No. 206 N. Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo. 6-14-41

YE MUSIC OF '76!

(Extra Premium Offer No. 4.)

The publishers of

"Church's Musical Visitor,"

have just issued a

Centennial Premium Vol.,

containing a large selection of the simple and spirited "Music of our Olden Time," elegantly bound in cloth, uniform, with the "Song of Pharo," and "Classic" premium volumes. The "Centennial Premium" contains all of the old and good tunes of our patriotic forefathers, and will be given away to every new subscriber to the visitor, at the regular price of subscription, \$1.50.

Further particulars and sample copy sent on receipt of stamp. Agents wanted. Address, JOHN CHURCH & CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

vsn4-31

U. S. Internal Revenue SPECIAL TAXES.

May 1, 1876, to April 30, 1877.

The Revised Statutes of the United States Sections 2232, 2237, 2335, and 2339, require every person engaged in any business, avocation, or employment which renders him liable to a special tax to procure and place conspicuously in his establishment OR PLACE OF BUSINESS a stamp denoting the payment of said special tax for the special tax year beginning May 1, 1876, before commencing or continuing business after April 30, 1876. The taxes embraced within the provisions of the law above quoted are the following:

Rectifiers.....\$200 00
Dealers, retail liquor.....25 00
Dealers, wholesale liquor.....100 00
Dealers in malt liquors, wholesale.....50 00
Dealers in malt liquors, retail.....25 00
Dealers in leaf tobacco.....25 00
Retail dealers in leaf tobacco.....500 00
And on sales of over \$1,000, fifty cents for every dollar in excess of \$1,000.
Dealers in manufactured tobacco.....5 00
Manufacturers of stills.....25 00
And for each still manufactured.....25 00
And for each worm manufactured.....10 00
Manufacturers of cigars.....10 00
Manufacturers of tobacco, first class (more than two horses or other animals).....50 00
Peddlers of tobacco, second class (two horses or other animals).....25 00
Peddlers of tobacco, third class (one horse or other animal).....15 00
Peddlers of tobacco, fourth class (on foot or public conveyance).....10 00
Brewers of less than 500 barrels.....50 00
Brewers of 500 barrels or more.....100 00

Any person, so liable, who shall fail to comply with the foregoing requirements will be subject to severe penalties.
Persons or firms liable to pay any of the Special Taxes named above must apply to John H. Burrows, Collector of Internal Revenue at Williamsport, Pa., and pay for and procure the Special Tax Stamp or Stamps they need, prior to May 1, 1876, and WITHOUT FURTHER NOTICE. All remittances must be in par funds; no checks received.
D. D. PRATT,
Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 1, 1876.
The Collector will be at the Brockerhoff House in Bellefonte on the 29th day of April, 1876, for the purpose of receiving taxes.
\$12-11

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The Great N. E. Dollar Sale, 33 Broomfield St., Boston, Mass., is daily shipping hundreds of boxes and packages of valuable goods all over the U. S. \$100,000 worth of elegant Gold Jewelry, Rings, Pins, Sets, Chains, Charms, &c. Solid Silver and Plated Ware, Cutlery, Glassware, Fancy Goods (1000 articles) and all descriptions. Fine Teas, Coffees, Groceries, Perfumery, Hair Oils, Soaps, &c. Also 25,000 books of all kinds and styles.

Worth Double.

These goods are worth \$2 to \$3.50 each, and sell at these prices everywhere, yet we are selling everything at the popular price of ONE DOLLAR. 67,000 delighted patrons testify to the benefits of our GREAT SALE, and in our papers hundreds of letters are printed from our patrons during the past three years. Reader, you can save money, you can make \$4 go as far as \$20 elsewhere, if you deal with us. We want agents everywhere. We pay large commissions. No risk, no capital. Goods sent C. O. D. with privilege of seeing before paying. Send for full catalogue, &c. free. SEND NOW. Address, H. ORMISTON & CO., N. E. DOLLAR SALE, 33 Broomfield St., Boston, Mass. 8-9-Sw

CENTENNIAL TRADE SALE

300 CARRIAGES at AUCTION

AT

Herkness' Bazaar,

NINTH & SANSON STS., PHILA.,

ON

Thursday morn'g, April 13, 1876,

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

Including invoices from some of the largest manufacturers in the United States. 14-31

BELLEFONTE ACADEMY.

The session re-opens on

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YOUNG LADIES

will be received as BOARDERS, in the family apartments of the Principal, under the care and supervision of

Three Competent and Experienced

Lady Instructors. Thorough instruction is given in all the

ELEMENTARY

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BRANCHES

OF STUDY.

Charges for Boarding,

with furnished room, pleasantly warmed and lighted with gas, together with washing, will be at the rate of \$5.00 per week. For instruction \$1.25 per week.

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vsn1-11

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House Painting,

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COSMOLINE.

Because wounded nature rapidly restores itself when thoroughly protected from atmospheric action. Science acknowledges a perfect application in COSMOLINE. No rancidity or decomposition. Healing without the slightest irritation or smarting. Leaves no scars. Results are astounding!

Any inflammation, old and corrupt sores, eruptions and scalding wounds yield to it. It is Nature's faithful ally in the struggle. For Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Bruises, Boils, Blisters, Chaffing, Poison, Bites, Piles, Itching Tetter, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Mumps, Sore Throat, Coughing, Frosted Limbs, Chapped Skin.

Whoever Uses it Recommends it.

The Pomade of Cosmoline never becomes rancid nor loses its rich perfume. It cures all scalp diseases, keeps the hair soft, glossy and free from dandruff.

Ask for PLAIN COSMOLINE, or for COSMOLINE POMADE; 50 cents a bottle, with the above trade mark and the name of E. F. HOUGHTON & CO., Philadelphia.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

7-14-11

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of the Great Disease of Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a Sure Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc. Parties wishing the prescription will please address, Rev. E. A. WILSON, 191 Penn St., Williamsburg, New York.

Timothy Seed & Co.

FOR SALE.

A FINE LOT OF.

Timothy Seed,

ORCHARD GRASS

AND

WISCONSIN

LARGE CLOVER SEED,

JUST RECEIVED

FROM THE WEST.

And for sale by

ABRAHAM SUSEMAN.

vsn7-11

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GREAT REDUCTION!

Good Revolvers - \$4.50

Single Shot Guns \$3 to \$12.00

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Powder, Shot, Cartridges,

BREECH-LOADING & MUZZLE-LOADING

SHOT GUNS & RIFLES

at the lowest possible rates.

FIREARMS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS

CAREFULLY REPAIRED.

SHOP ON HIGH STREET,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

THEODORE DESCHNER.

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HOUSTON WATER WHEEL

STEAM ENGINES,

CIRCULAR SAW MILLS,

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AND

Grist Mill Machinery.

vsn6a812-11

THE CORNELIUS TRIPLETS.

We have received a photograph of the above trio. They are named respectively U. S. Grant, W. T. Sherman and John W. Geary, and were born in Clay township, Huntingdon county, Pa., seven years ago. They are children of Isaac and M. J. Cornelius. The photographs were taken by Mr. S. R. Miller, artist, at Dudley, Huntingdon county, and will be sold for 25 cents and a cent postage stamp, by either the above artist or Mrs. M. J. Cornelius, Salted Huntingdon county. The money thus raised is to secure the education of the children.

vsn12-41

DUNCAN, HALE & CO.,

(Successors to John M. Wagner & Co.)

MANUFACTURERS OF

FLOUR, FEED, &c.,

AND DEALERS IN

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN

The highest market price paid for

WHEAT, RYE,

CORN, &c.

OATS, 6-29-11

Lumber etc.

TO BUILDERS!

HAYING purchased the Beech Creek Saw Mill Property, at Snow Shoe, Centre county, Pa. I am prepared to fill orders for

WHITE & YELLOW PINE,

OAK

Also, for

SHINGLES, PLASTERING LATH

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Coal! Coal! Coal!

HAYING erected new Coal Sheds and new Scales, (Fairbanks) we are prepared to furnish the

Very Best Quality

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Wilkesbarre and

Shamokin Coal!

to all who may want the same, at the

MOST REASONABLE PRICES

Our Coal is of the very

BEST IN THE MARKET

and will be delivered at the residence of all parties in Bellefonte, as low as the same quality of coal can be had elsewhere.

OFFICE in McCAFFERTY'S BUILDING,

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COAL UNDER ROOF,

FROM THE

WILKESBARRE BALTIMORE COAL

CO'S MINES,

prepared expressly for family use.

BEST COAL IN THE MARKET!

Also, SHAMOKIN ANTHRACITE COAL.

LIME!

WOOD or COALBURNT,

challenges competition as to quality.

Agents for the sale of

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RIFLE, SPORTING and BLASTING POWDER constantly on hand, which is sold in large or small quantities.

BEST COTTON, HEMP AND

FUSE--TAPE FUSE for BLASTING,

FIRE BRICK and GROUND

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J & J. HARRIS,

SELL AT THE LOWEST PRICE

All sorts of

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Varnishes,

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We hope by

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merit and receive a share of public patronage.

BUILDERS AND OTHERS

will find it to their advantage to call and examine our stock.

J. & J. HARRIS,

No. 5 Brockerhoff Row.

Furniture Rooms.

NEW FURNITURE STORE!

JOHN BRACHBILL,

Manufacturer and dealer in

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SPRING ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.,

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HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

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A very fine selection of WALL PAPER, will be found at low prices. vsn10

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HOWARD STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.

BUREAUS,

SOFAS,

LOUNGES,

HAT RACKS,

WHAT-NOTS,

EXTENSION TABLES,

CHAIRS,

STANDS,

Lodge Directory.

Belleville Encampment, No. 72 I. O. O. F., meets at the Odd Fellow's hall on the second and fourth Mondays of every month.
Belleville Lodge, No. 368, A. M., meets on the second evening, at 7 o'clock, on or before each full moon, in Masonic Lodge, Bush's Arcade.
Belleville Chapter, 241, R. A. M., meets on Thursday night preceding the second Friday of each month, in Masonic Lodge.
Conestoga Commandery, No. 33, K. T., meets the second Friday evening of each month, in Masonic Lodge.

very interesting local hits, and can
 fail to delight the large audience
 will go there to see it. We expect
 it will have as great a run as the pla-
 "Cassir," with the great star actor,
 vempert, has had in New York
 ing the last three months. We wish
 Centennial Temperance boys every
 case in their noble efforts to reform
 from the evils of intemperance. They
 are doing God's work, and will receive
 his blessing.

—We call the attention of
readers to the new advertisement
Herman & Co.'s New York store.
Herman has just returned from
New York where he has been purchas-
ing new spring goods, and they now
have the finest assortment to be found
anywhere outside of Philadelphia. The
prices are determined not to be beat in price
and will sell as cheap as the cheapest
and as good as the best. Give them a
call.

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salvation of sinners through faith in
Lord Jesus Christ.

R. CRITTENDEN
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—If you want an elegant dressing, use "Green's castor oil glycerine pomade."

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—Theophilus Pletcher is a live
publican of Howard, and always
with the greenbacks to pay for his

—The warm weather of the few days has caused the snow on mountains to thaw with such rapidity that the water therefrom has swollen the Susquehanna sufficient to float rafts, and a large number of watermen returned over the Bald Eagle valley railroad from their down trip within the last three days.

Central Transportation.....	47%	5
Nesquehoning.....	53%	5
C. & A. Mortgages 6's '89.....	100	10